



Ice  
Cream  
Man™

W. Maxwell Prince

Martín Morazzo

Chris O'Halloran

volume one



VOLUME ONE

• RAINBOW SPRINKLES •



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"His mind was freshly inclined toward sorrow; toward the fact that the world was full of sorrow; that everyone labored under some burden of sorrow; that all were suffering; that whatever way one took in this world, one must try to remember that all were suffering..."

—**George Saunders**, *Lincoln in the Bardo*

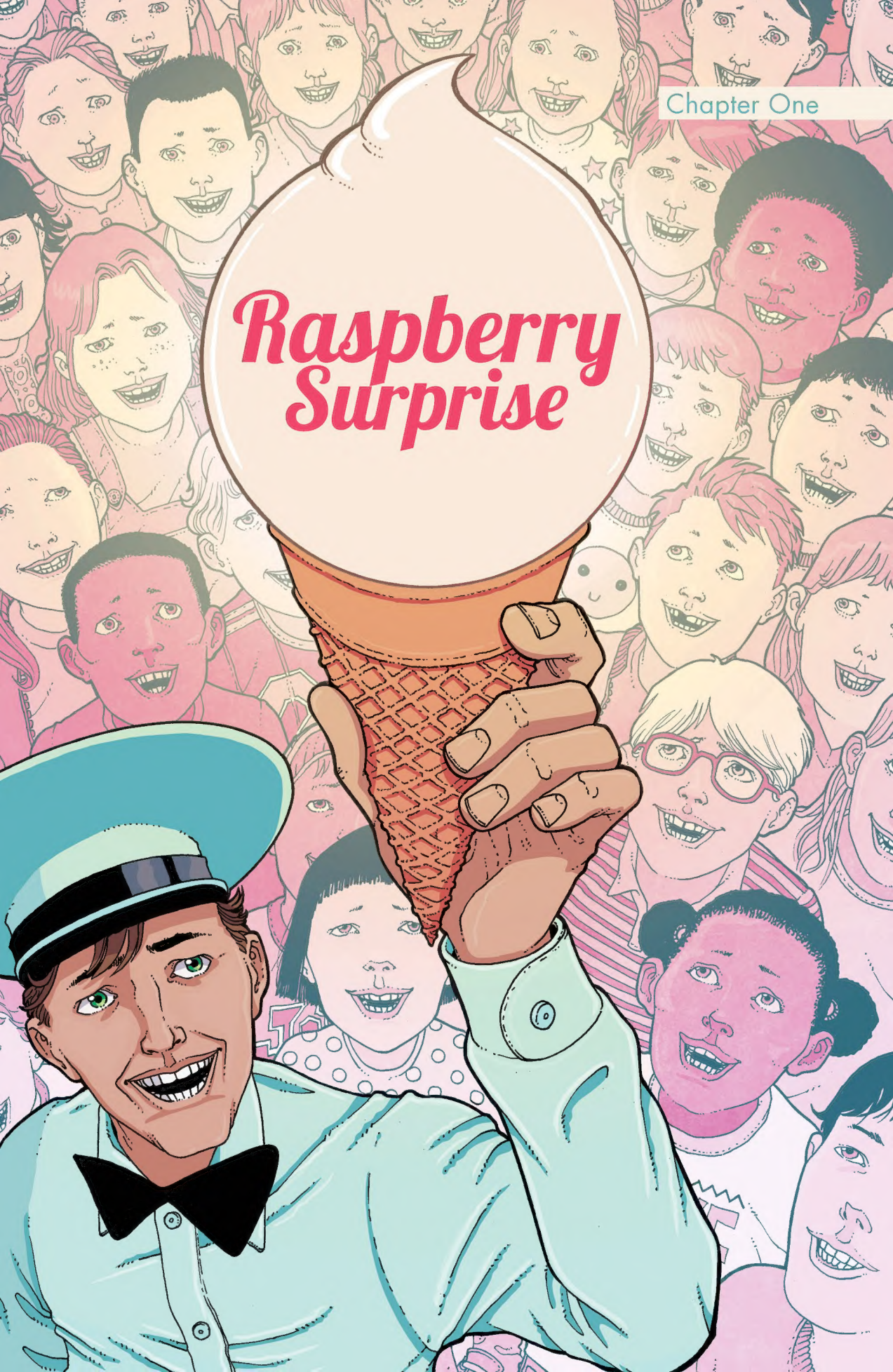
What's your favorite flavor?  
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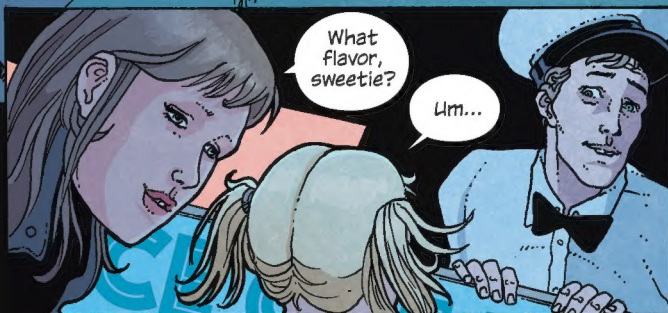
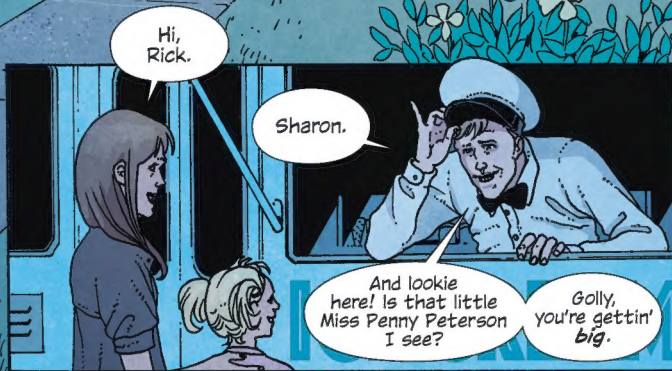
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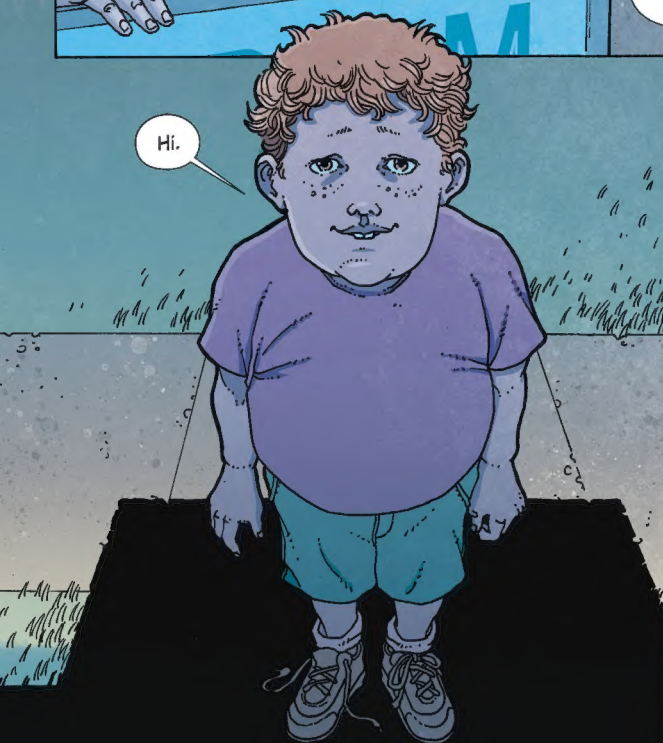
# Raspberry Surprise







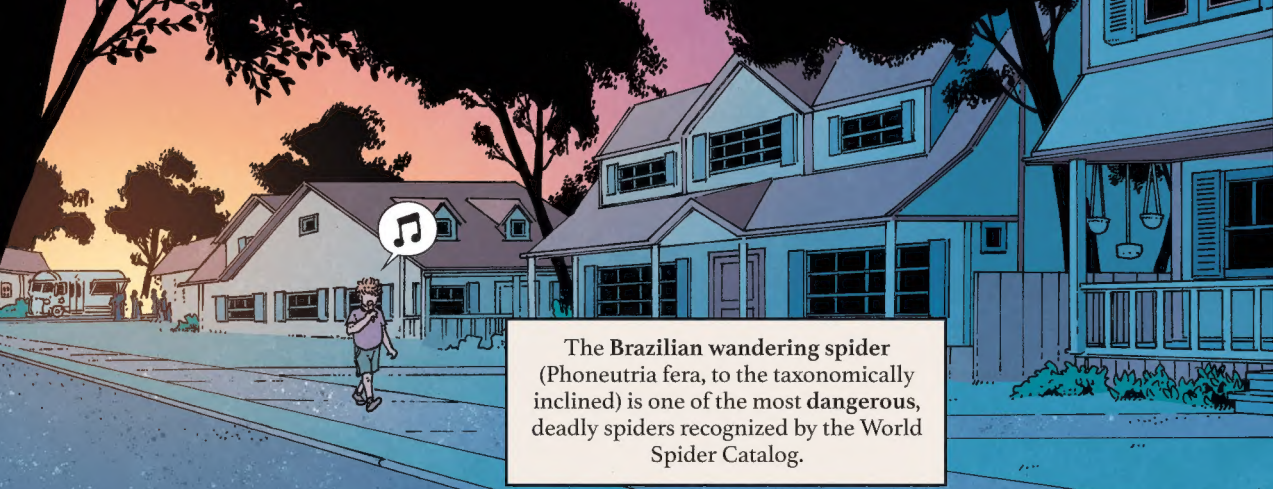








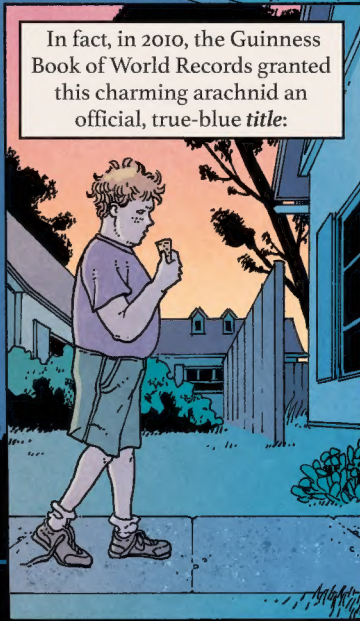




The Brazilian wandering spider (Phoneutria fera, to the taxonomically inclined) is one of the most **dangerous**, deadly spiders recognized by the World Spider Catalog.



The genus name **Phoneutria** is from the Greek φονεύτρια, meaning "murderess."



In fact, in 2010, the Guinness Book of World Records granted this charming arachnid an official, true-blue **title**:



"World's Most Venomous Spider"



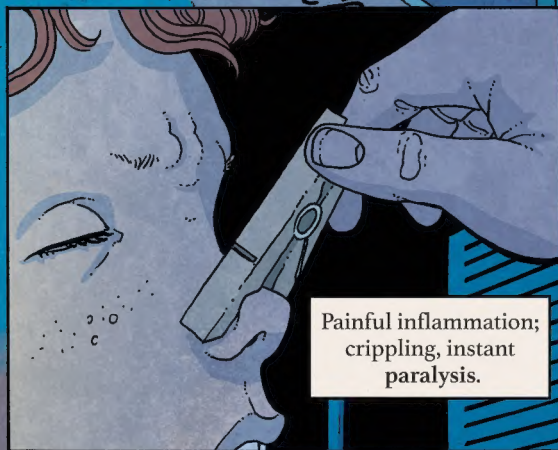
*Most venomous.*  
Ain't that something?



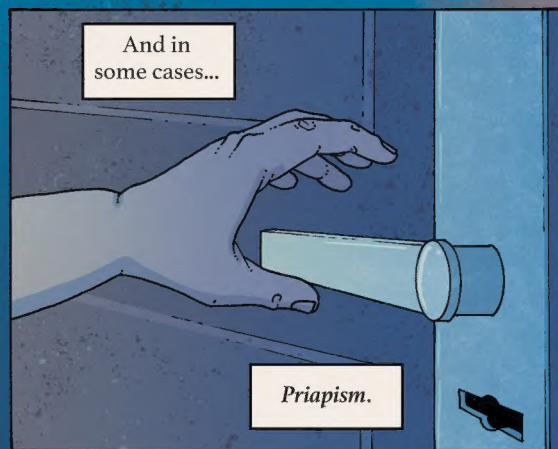
This awesome distinction can be credited to a concentrated **neurotoxin** that the spider releases upon biting—**PhTx3**, to be exact—which in high doses induces all manner of **unpleasantness**, including but not limited to:



Loss of muscle control; strange contortions.



Painful inflammation; crippling, instant paralysis.



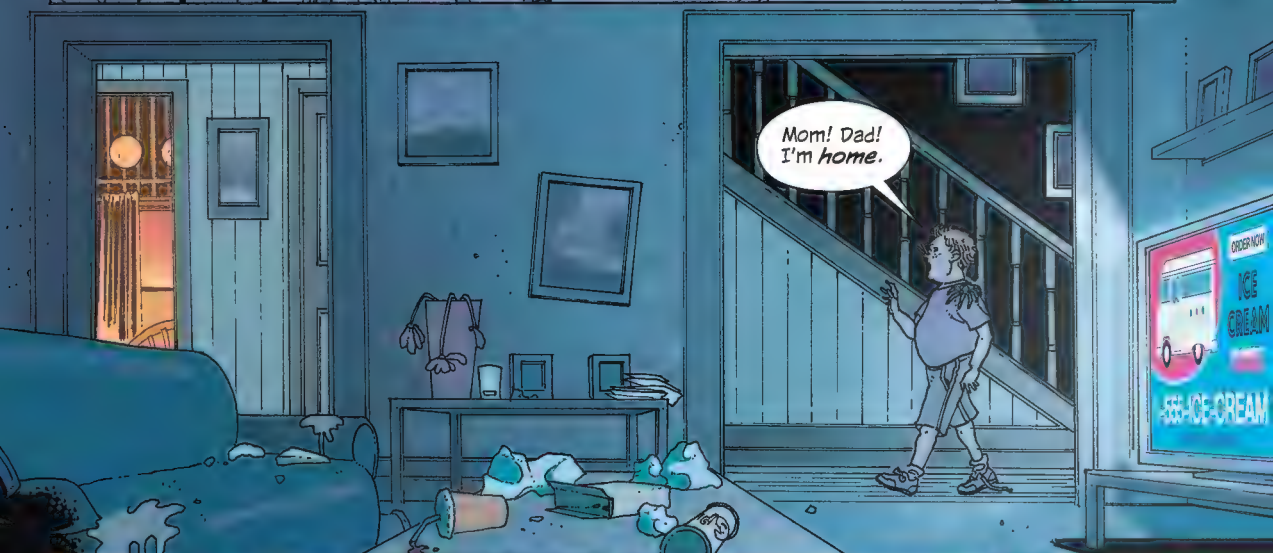
And in some cases...

*Priapism.*



(Or, for the lay person: an absolutely lethal and unprovoked never-ending *erection*.)







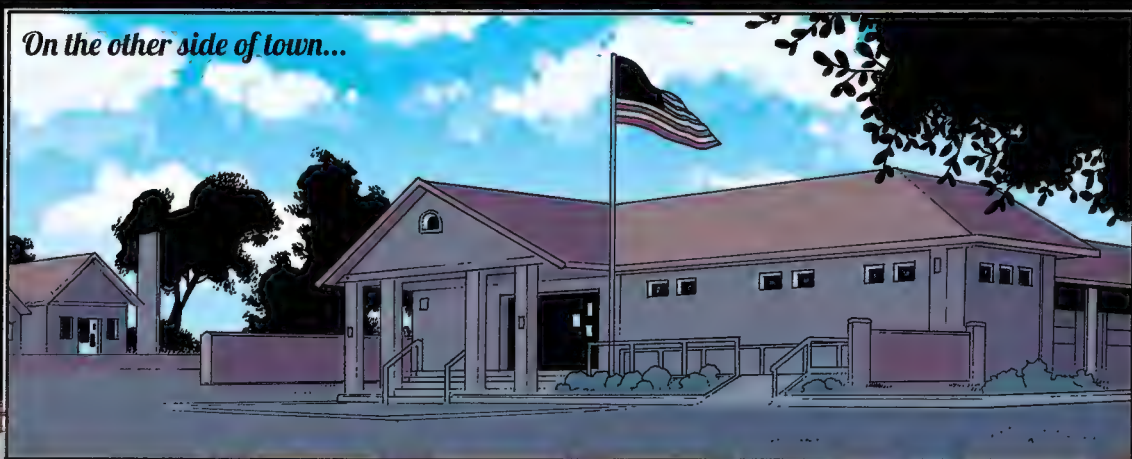
...guess  
I'll make myself  
a snack.

*Most venomous.*  
Ain't that something?

CORN



*On the other side of town...*



This is detective  
Jialeou Hwan.  
(It's pronounced  
"Jolly-O.")

Her colleagues call her "5V,"  
in reference to the fact that her first  
name—Chinese for "most beautiful  
willow"—contains all five vowels of  
the English alphabet.

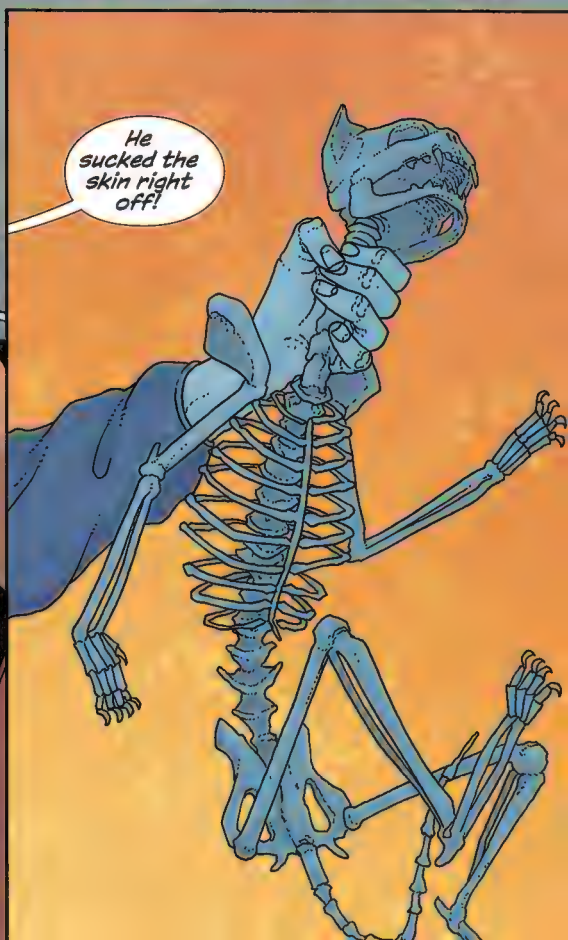
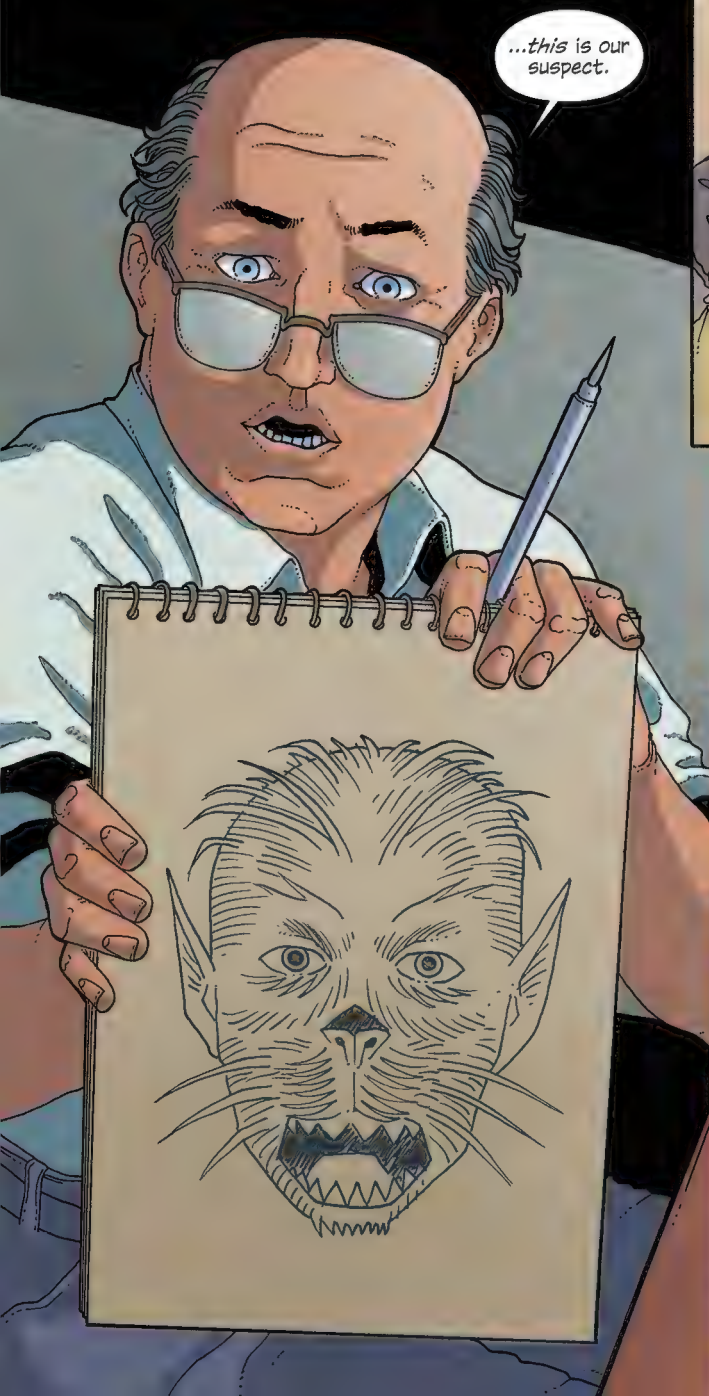
For the sake of  
expedience, let's  
say this:

Like most people in their thirties,  
she's got a job for which she can  
summon only a minimum  
amount of passion or interest.

But she does it,  
day in and day out.

What else is  
there to do?











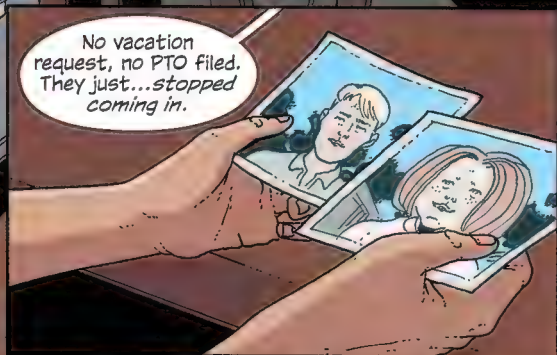






Tom  
and Henrietta  
McAllister.

Both  
reported MIA by their  
respective employers,  
about ten days  
now.



No vacation  
request, no PTO filed.  
They just...stopped  
coming in.

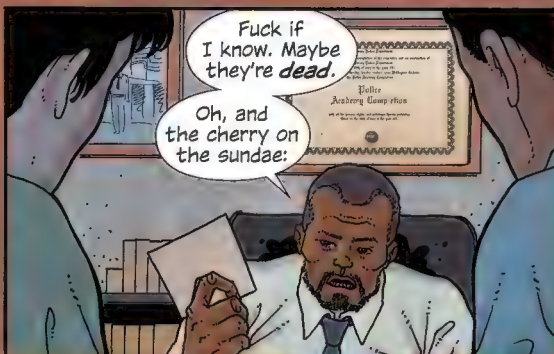


I need  
you to make a  
house call.

What do  
we think? Heroin?  
Tax evasion?



My money's on  
Tom and Henrietta  
parasailing down in Mexico,  
ducking the IRS and  
laughing at us all.



Fuck if  
I know. Maybe  
they're dead.

Oh, and  
the cherry on  
the sundae:

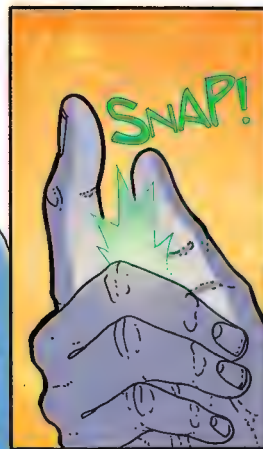


They've  
got a  
kid.













Chocolate, two scoops. *Lickety split*, just like that.

Wow...

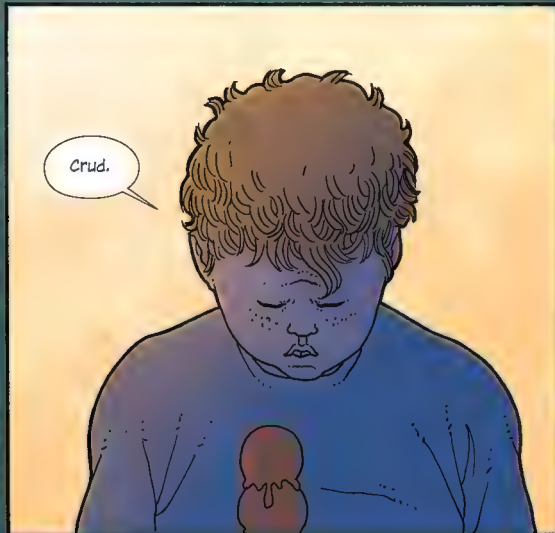
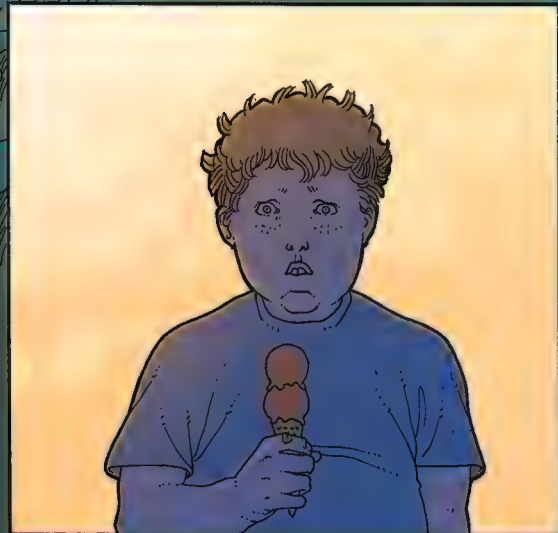


You know, kid, you shouldn't be walking around these woods on your own.

It isn't safe.




Time to be getting home to your parents, don't you think?




Crud.







Here's a secret about  
life, which I'll tell  
you for free:



We're all being  
devoured by  
*bugs*.



Slowly but surely, our little internal  
insects—boredom, loneliness,  
regret, etcetera—are *eating us*  
*whole*, nibbling away from the  
inside out.



The process only  
lasts for as long as  
you're alive.

I'VE GOT  
COCKROACHES CRAWLING ALL  
OVER MY BRAIN AND THEY'RE  
TELLING ME TO CHEAT ON  
MY WIFE.



What?





















Kid...I don't know what's going on here, but we need to get my friend some help.

He's very sick.



My parents got sick, too.

Then they got all stiffed up and missed Macaroni Tuesday.



It's okay... we'll figure this out.

I just need you to put down the spi--

**NO!**



Shit...

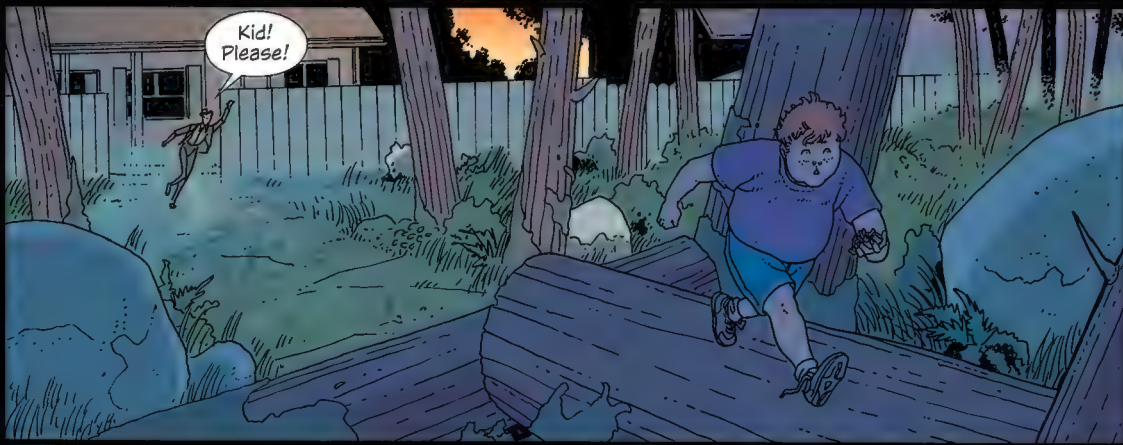


You're not taking him!



Come back!







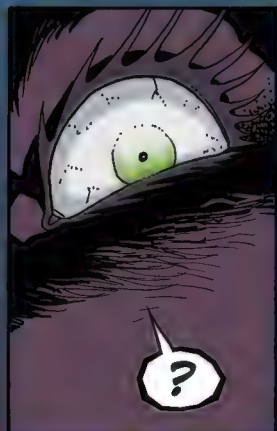
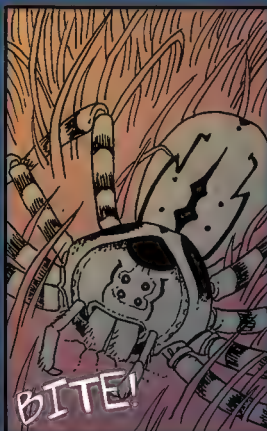


**GRRRRR!**

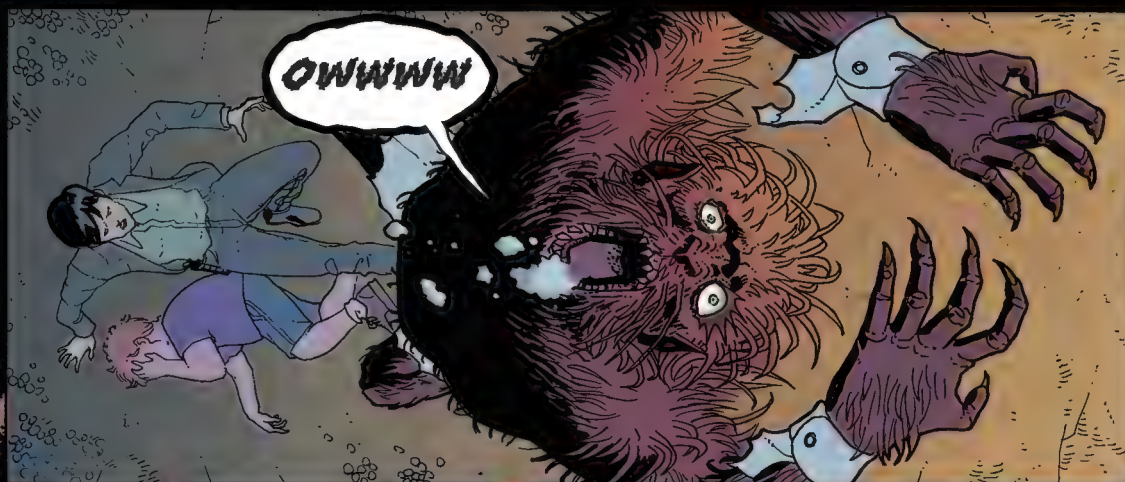














Later...

He's been raising himself for almost two weeks, by the looks of it. Diet of cookies and ice cream.

We've got official cause of death for the parents and Briggs down as *arachnidism*.

A spider bite...

What's gonna happen to the kid?

My guess? Foster system.

But I don't think there's any amount of therapy...

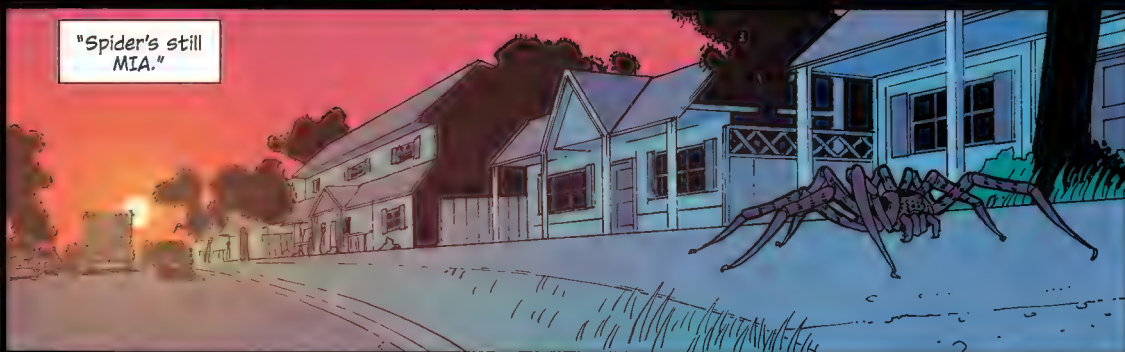
Hey, you got that spider bagged? I want to take it back to the lab and--

Huh? Didn't anybody tell you?

SPPD



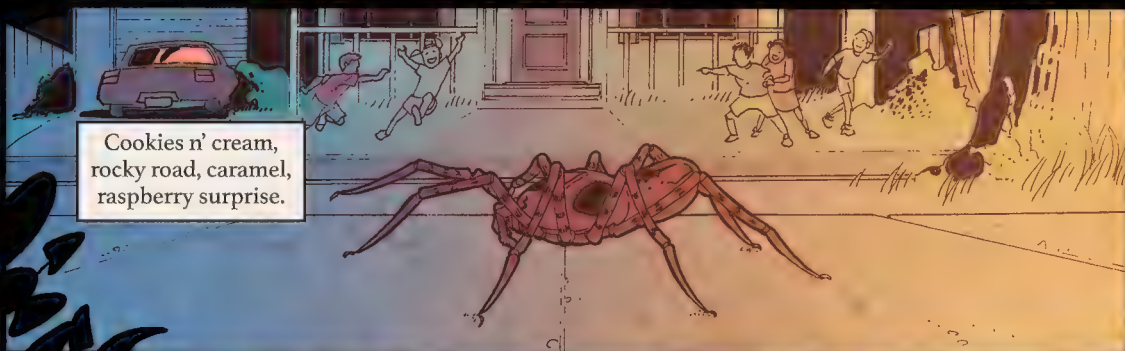
"Spider's still  
MIA."



Chocolate, vanilla,  
strawberry, banana.



Cookies n' cream,  
rocky road, caramel,  
raspberry surprise.



There's a flavor for  
everyone's suffering.

And make no  
mistake...



Everyone is  
suffering.





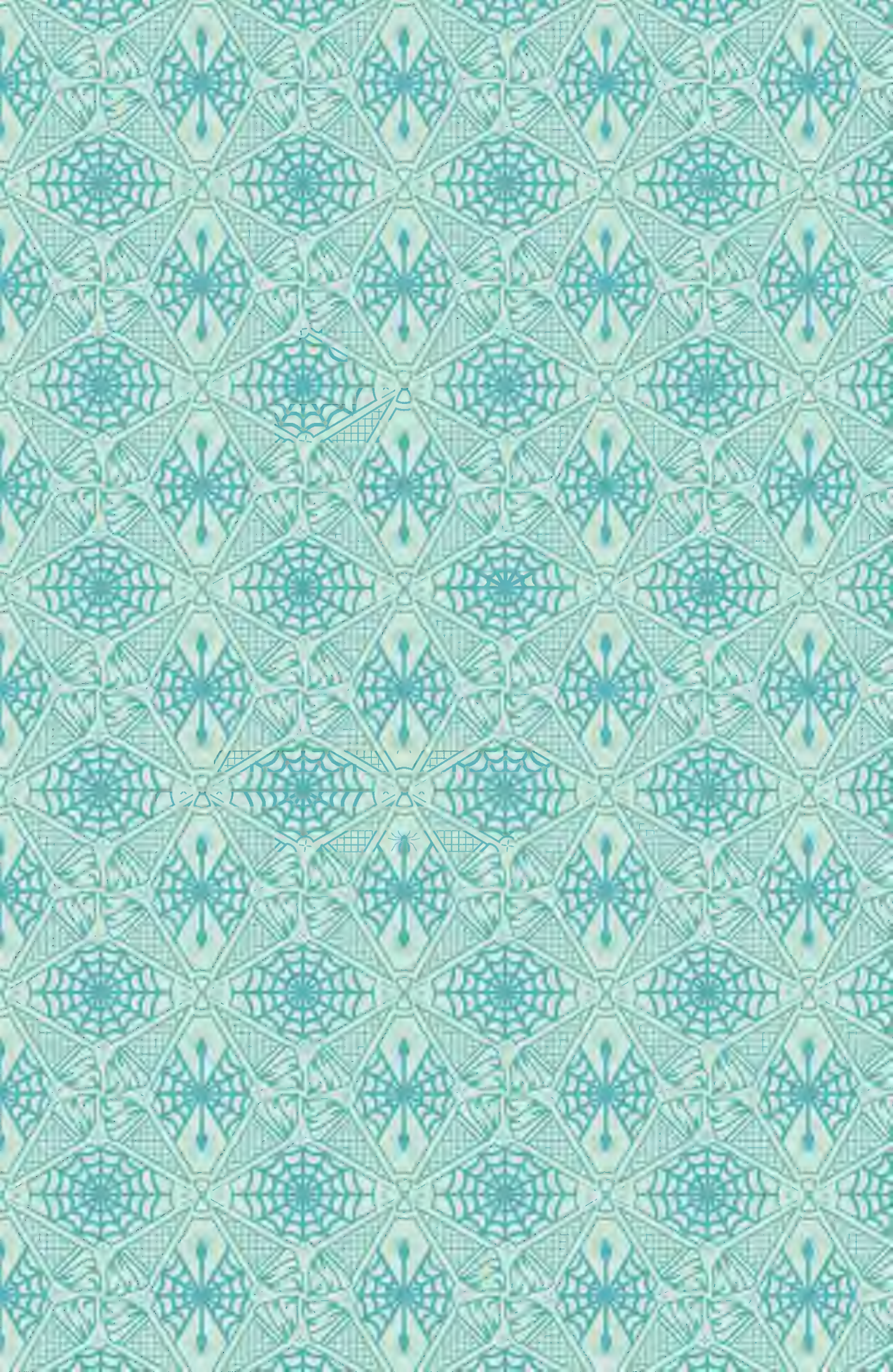






*Come back soon...*







# Rainbow Sprinkles







*i know you been sick you been dopesick  
laid up all shivers and gagging and god  
my god if it doesn't just break my  
heart in three seeing you like this*

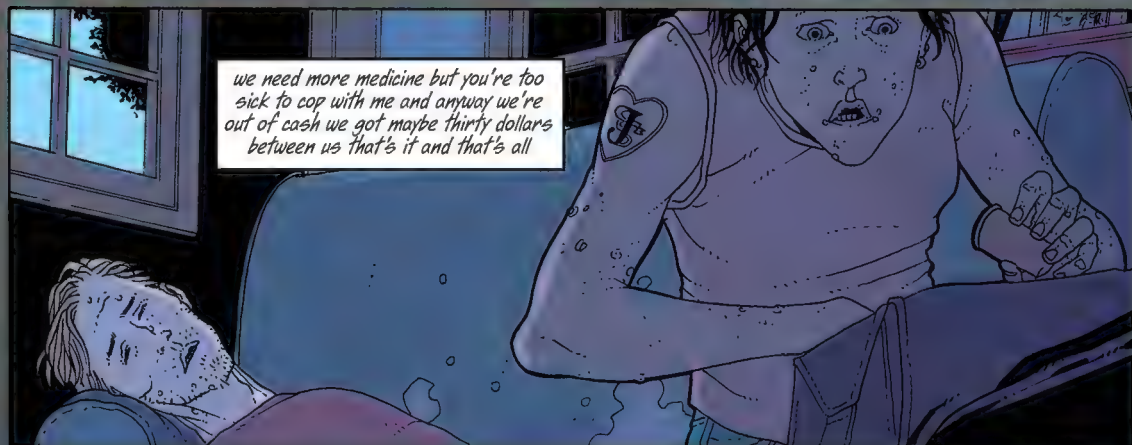
*nnnnngg*



*i got you the cold compress like you asked  
just like you requested but it don't work  
even a little and ever is it hard to watch  
you suffer i just can't stand it*



*we need more medicine but you're too  
sick to cop with me and anyway we're  
out of cash we got maybe thirty dollars  
between us that's it and that's all*







god it just breaks my heart in  
three to see you like this but i  
already said that didn't I?



remember when we was two young  
lovebirds just two like finches or  
what-have-you in love so much love  
and we was king and queen of  
everything and then some?



we met if you recall at  
Bobby G's club off i forget  
the name of the street

there was music and  
lights and shiny-happy  
people dancing



and you came right up  
to me and said:

you got  
a dead bug in  
your hair

and i smiled and  
replied i said:



well if you're  
gonna get all  
romantic on  
me





*and we were steady from then to  
now and never were two broken people  
so put-back-together Humpty Dumpty on  
the wall is one way you could describe it  
with words from stories*

*Remember!*

*we'd walk through the park and  
do key bumps on the bench (my  
favorite one by the small pond  
with frogs at the edges)*

*and sometimes you'd slip a hand up  
my skirt behind a sycamore or an oak i  
don't know fuckall about trees*



*those were the days  
weren't they?*



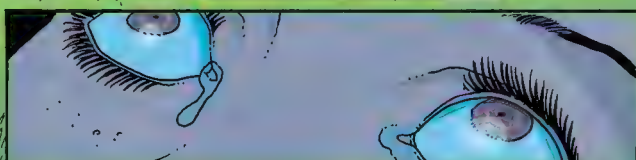


but then we...

i think it was spring  
we decided to try dope  
why not just once and  
golly oh god it came  
to us right there:

the smells of  
the season!

the colorful birds and the air you  
could taste the sunlight and know  
the world was good and there was  
good people in it you could just  
taste that couldn't you?



and then i don't know it  
gets fuzzy time passes  
and you lose track

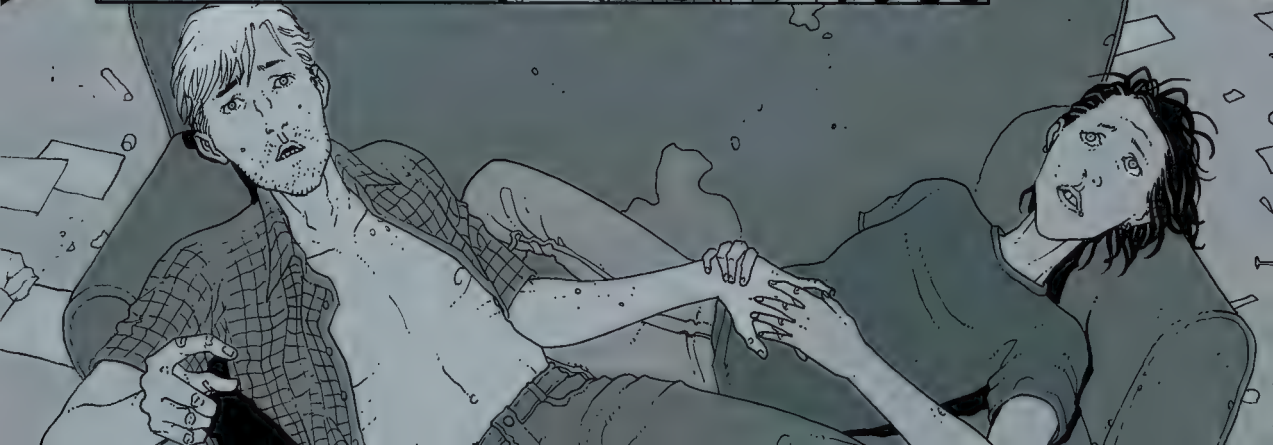
we robbed that  
poor old lady with  
the oxygen tank

Let it go,  
hag!

and we got two hundred  
bucks for the tank i felt so  
bad but when you need a fix  
you'll do anything i swear  
the worst things

and you said  
to me you said:







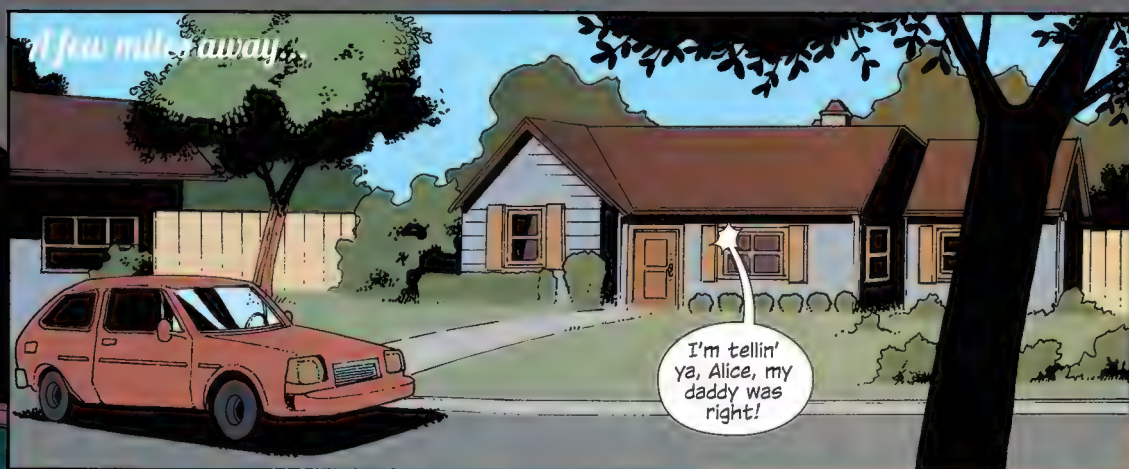
then last week you got sick and now here  
i am ready for i-don't-know-what but i  
swear i'm gonna go out there and do  
something and get us right

a bad thing for a good thing one  
more time and then we'll get clean like  
we always talked about and move to  
Arizona where it's sunny-bright

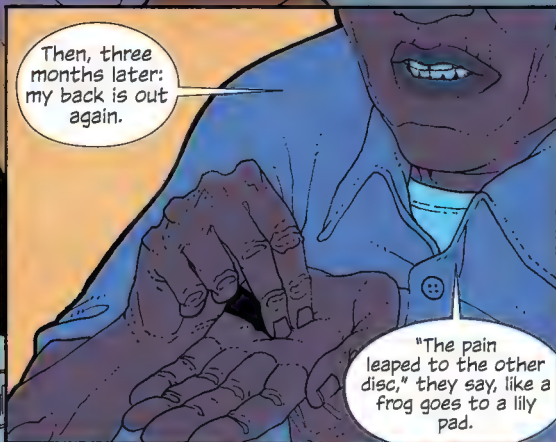
you rest right there Jumbo  
(my sweet-lovely Jim) and i'll  
be back hell or high waters  
with a fix for both of us  
i promise cross my heart

baby don't worry, let me  
bear the weight now  
baby-boy my boy

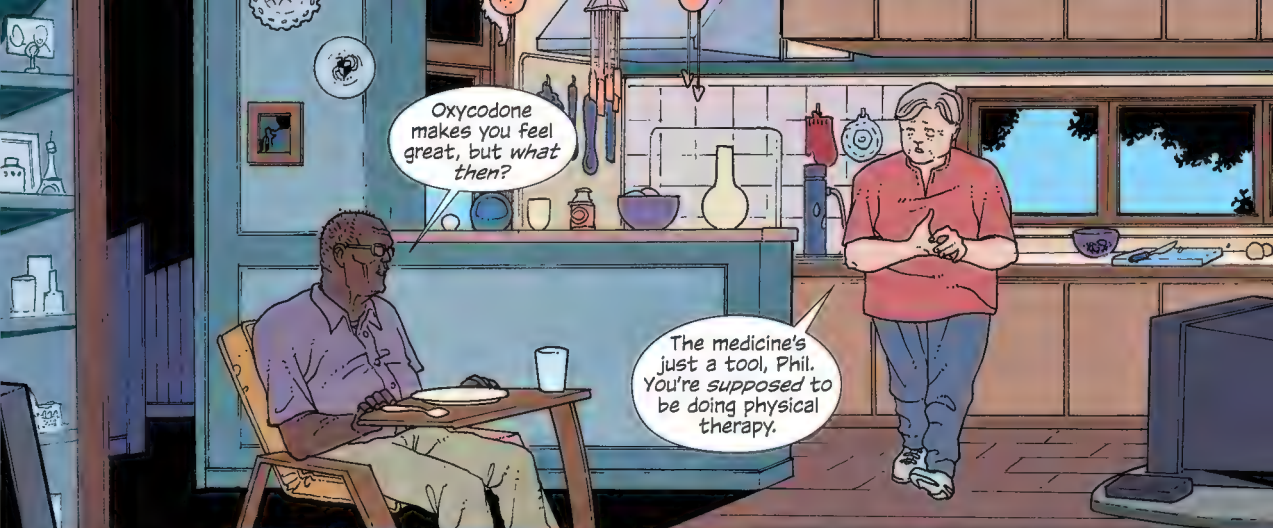






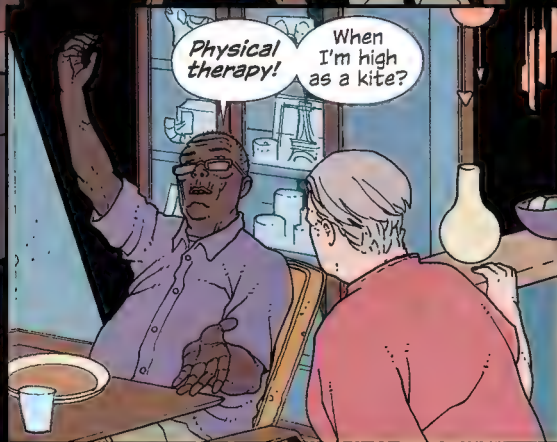






Oxycodone makes you feel great, but *what* then?

The medicine's just a tool, Phil. You're *supposed* to be doing physical therapy.



Physical therapy!

When I'm high as a kite?



Take a walk around the block. Get some blood flowing to your extremities.



Ha! I'll walk around the block and never come back!

*Sayonara!*



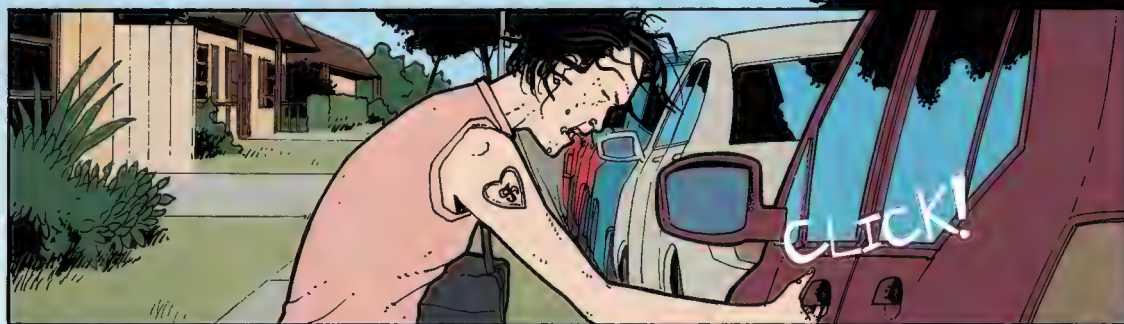
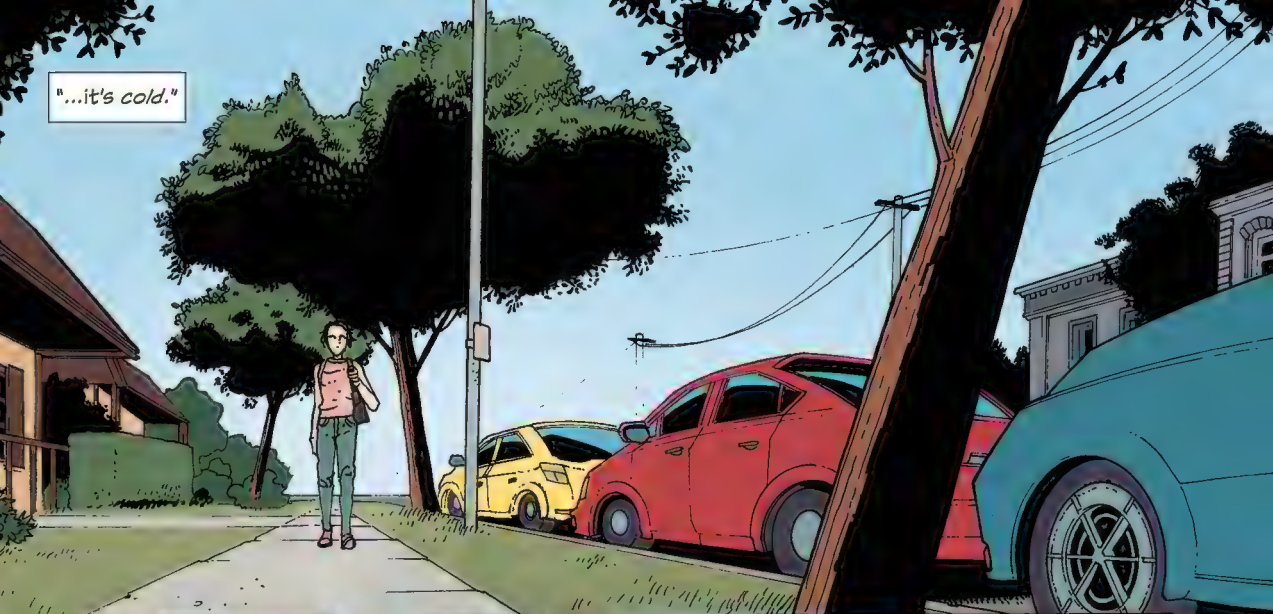
You'd last two minutes without me, Philly.

Who'd drive you to your appointments?



The soup, Alice...













dear Jimbo my sick  
and suffering Jim



i found a colorful  
truck



the inside smells like  
summer! it drives  
real real good



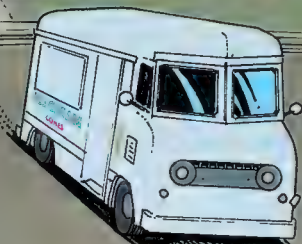
and there's nobody on  
the road not a soul not  
one person



i'm on my way to  
who-knows-where maybe a  
bank but i never robbed nothin  
that big before maybe an ATM  
instead or i'll find some guy  
with a fat wallet...



...enough scratch for one last  
fix and then i swear i promise  
we are clean clean jellybean!



we'll move to the desert where  
it's warm-dry and they got  
lizards the size of dogs



Arizona like we  
seen in the  
brochures



Arizona like in  
the movies of  
our dreams

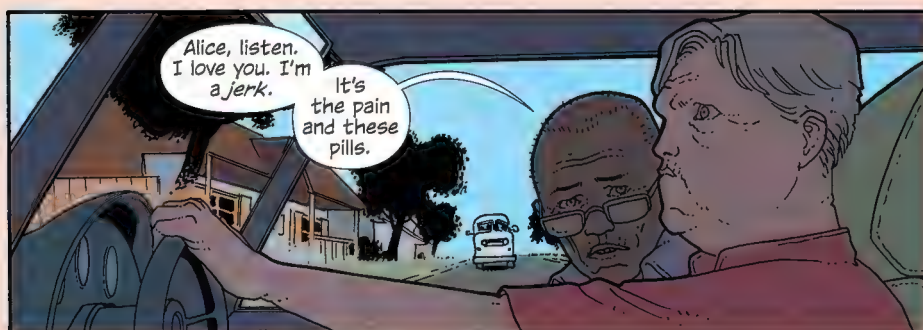
here i come  
here i come  
here i come











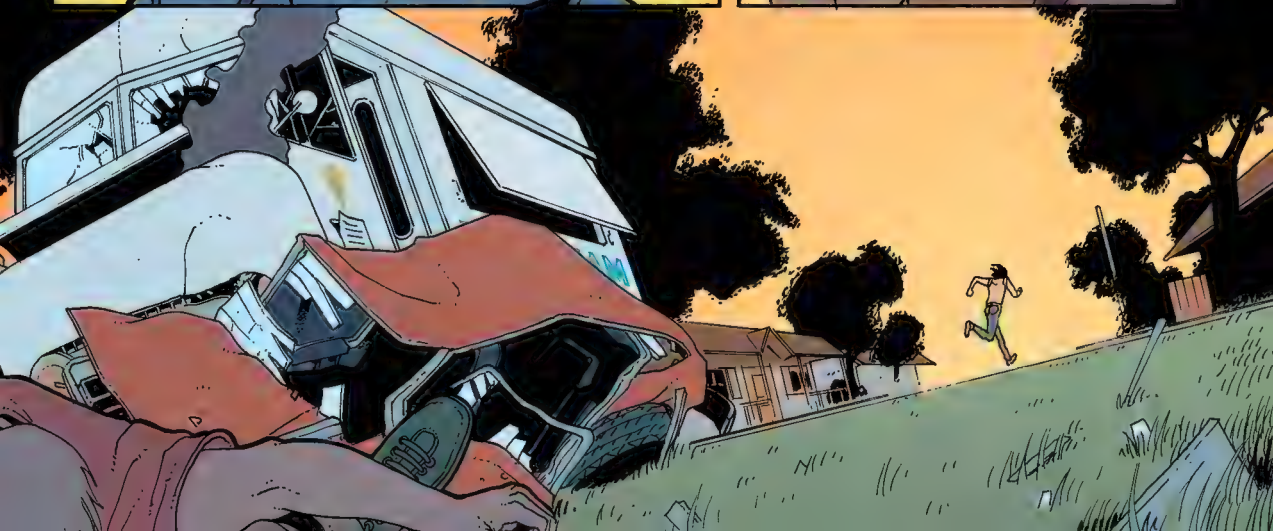




















who...  
what are  
you d--

You  
borrowed my  
truck.



yer  
truck...

Don't  
worry about  
it. I've got  
plenty.



You're  
probably wondering  
what I'm doing here,  
how I got in,  
*etcetera*.



That's  
assuming of course  
that this stuff hasn't  
completely *erased* your  
ability to think  
critically.

I never  
understood the  
appeal...



I'm *here*,  
Karen, to offer  
you a *treat*.

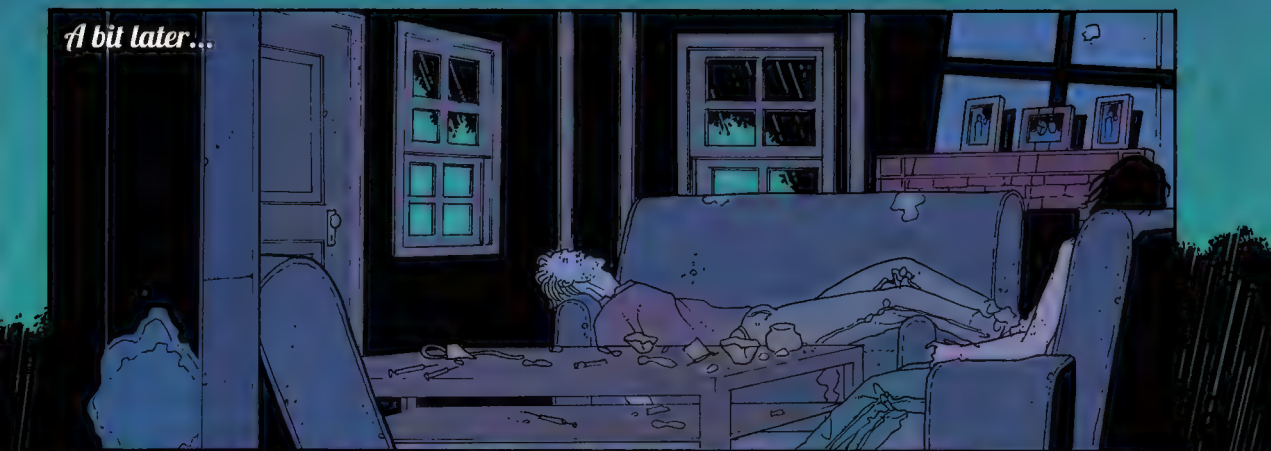
A little  
something for  
your *sweet*  
tooth...







A bit later...



We found them like this. Two overdoses.

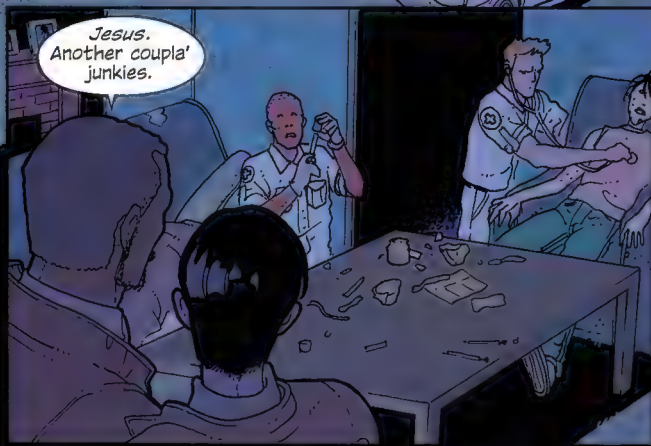
The driver who fled the scene, and an unidentified white male, likely her boyfriend.



Crash suspect is unresponsive, but the male has a pulse...



Jesus. Another couple' junkies.

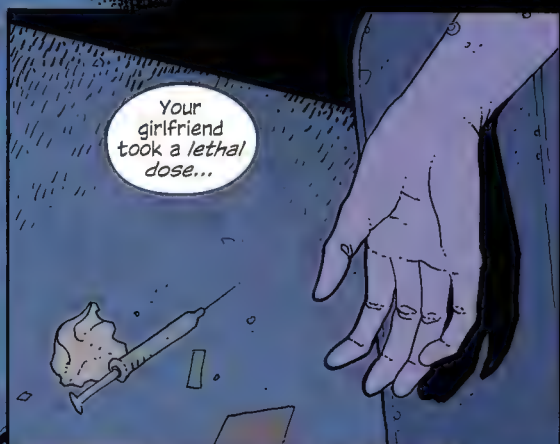


Administering Narcan...

Good work, SV.











and the birds sing songs that  
sound like how ice cream tastes



or maybe...maybe it's that the ice cream  
tastes like how robins do their chirping  
(i'm no good with words as you know)



Jimbo: we did wrong in life,  
but i know a secret

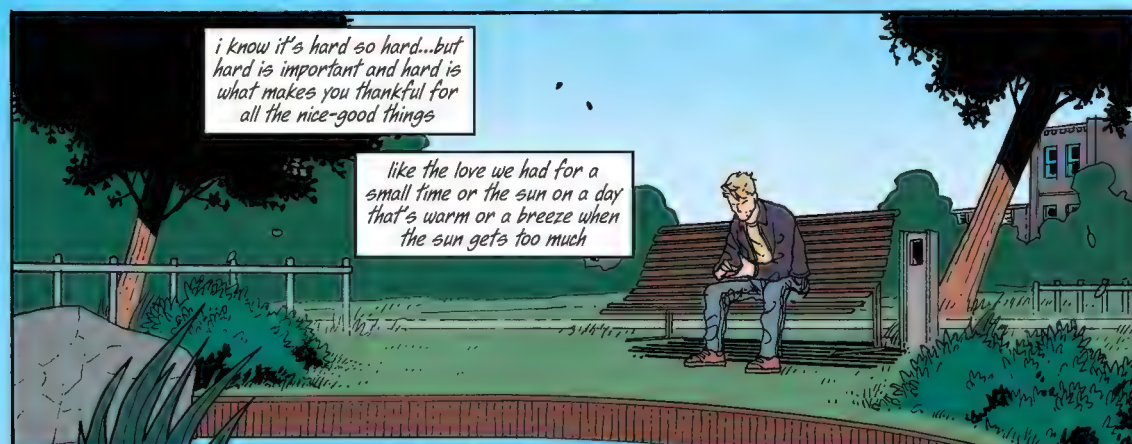
do you wanna hear  
my secret?



up in the cloud-place, all is  
forgiven, even if you done  
bad thing after bad thing

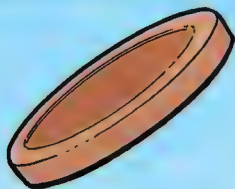
everyone ends on a good thing!  
everyone gets to go to Arizona where  
the cactuses are green and prickly and  
they got bugs on 'em but the bugs are  
actually just little smiley angels







*that's just me!  
whistling Arizona at  
you from up above*



*be good and well  
baby-doll my doll*

*i hope i don't see  
you too soon*



*So long for now...*









Good Ol'  
Fashioned  
Vanilla



Then...

You know how it goes, so sing along if you've got the pipes and the inclination...

Rock in the morning! Rock around noon!

Rock in the evening! Rock it to the moon!

So keep those hips a-swayin 'cause it ain't no crime.

When they ask you when you rock, just tell 'em:

ROCK ALL THE TIME!

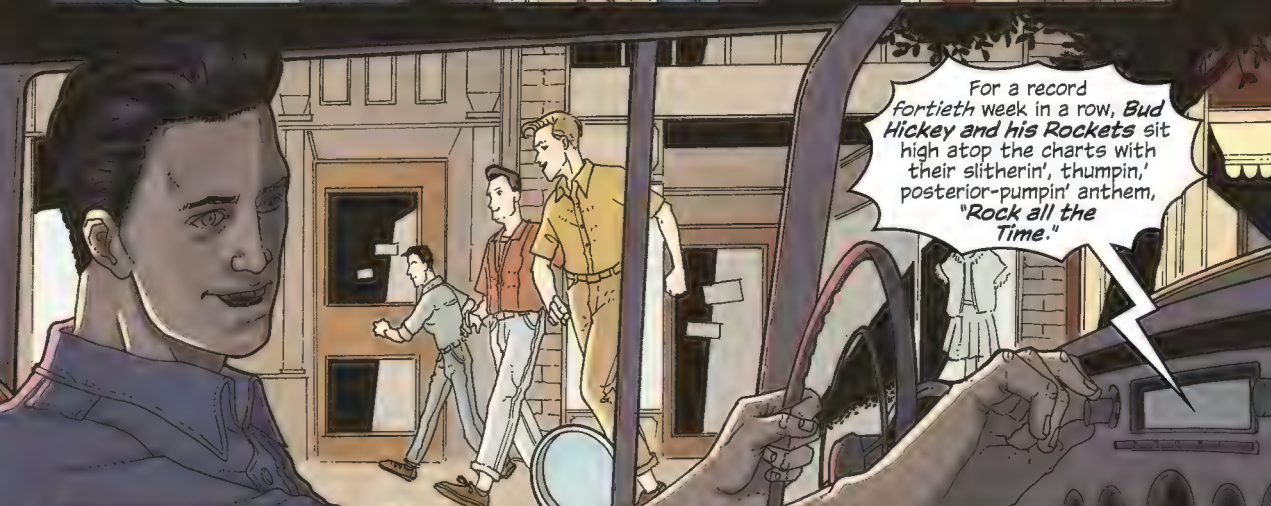






You're listening to WKMD, broadcasting on the FM dial at 104.3 megahertz...

And we're about to put needle to groove *again* on that twelve-bar blues sensation that's taken the world by storm!



For a record fortieth week in a row, *Bud Hickey and his Rockets* sit high atop the charts with their slitherin', thumpin', posterior-pumpin' anthem, "Rock all the Time."



It's the beginning of a **ROCK** revolution!

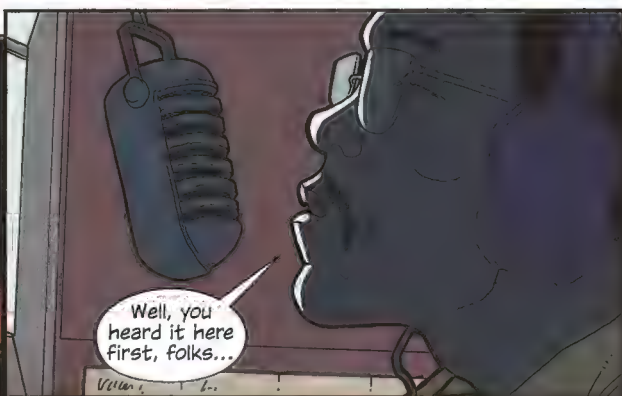
The boys are slicking their dos, greasing back their tresses!



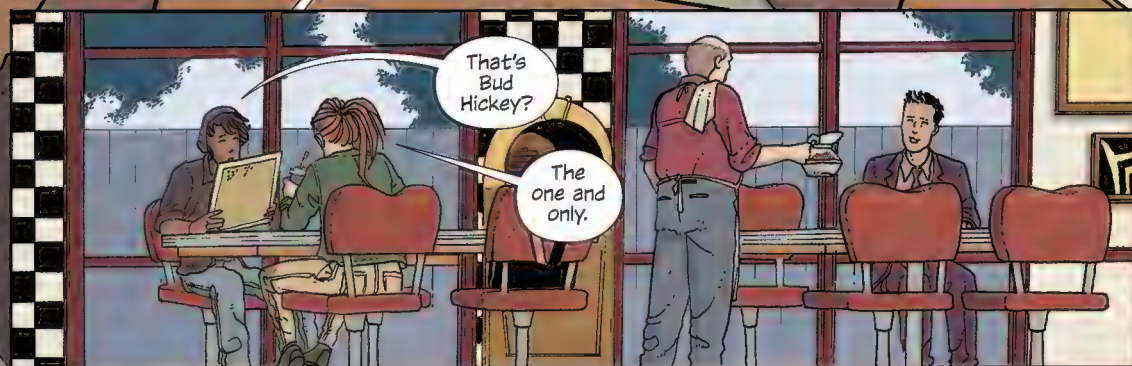
And the girls...they're a-hikin' up their dresses!

So let us welcome to this benighted planet a brand new religion for the soul:













Yeah,  
Bud. I heard  
that one.

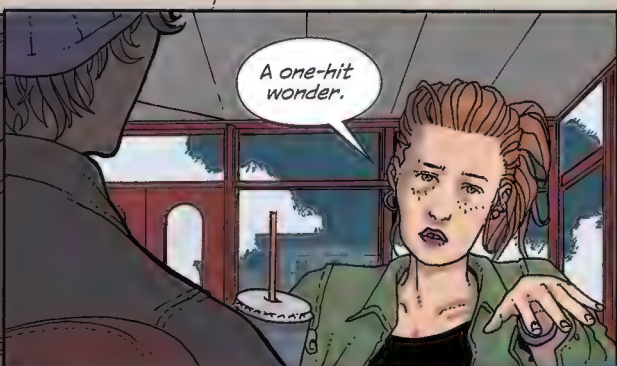
It's  
a good  
tune.



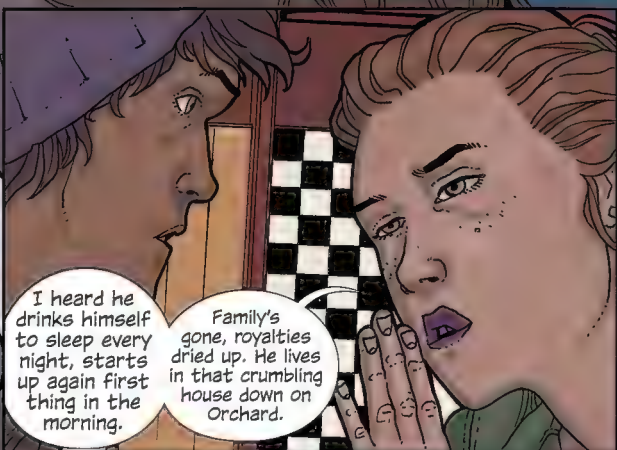
Jeez.

What  
happened  
to him?

What  
else? A tale  
as old as  
time:



A one-hit  
wonder.



I heard he  
drinks himself  
to sleep every  
night, starts  
up again first  
thing in the  
morning.

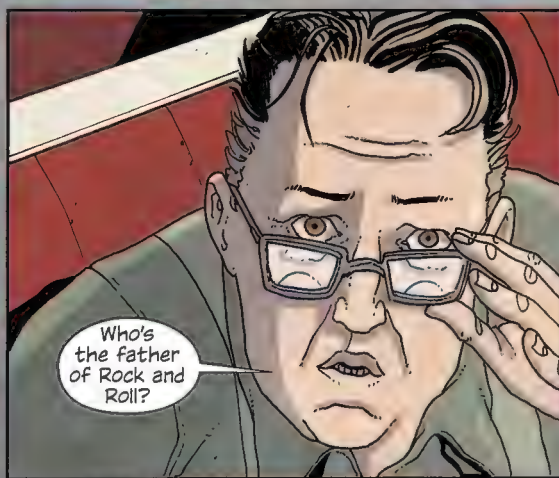
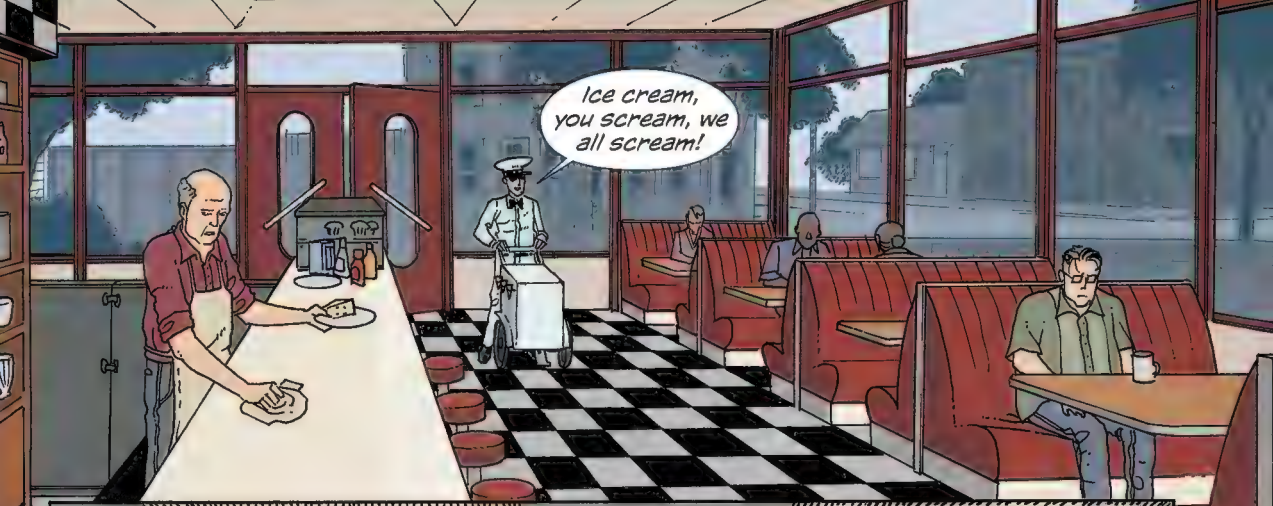
Family's  
gone, royalties  
dried up. He lives  
in that crumbling  
house down on  
Orchard.



The one  
with the boat in  
the yard? Man,  
that's sad.

Hey,  
Mr. Ice Cream  
Guy's here with  
his cart!

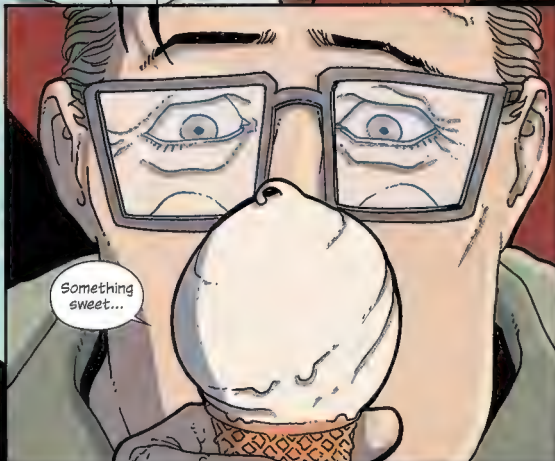






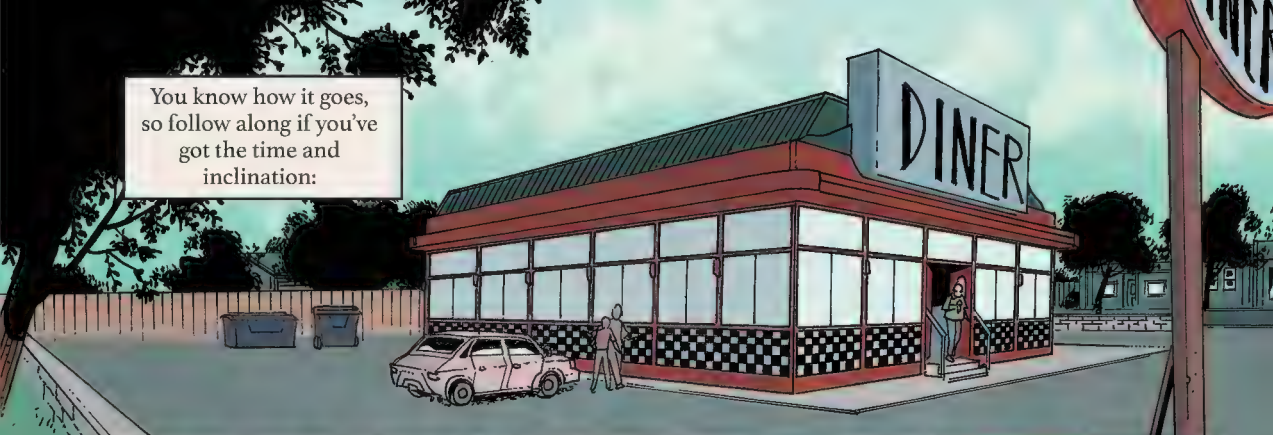








You know how it goes,  
so follow along if you've  
got the time and  
inclination:



A person, given the  
opportunity, makes  
something special.

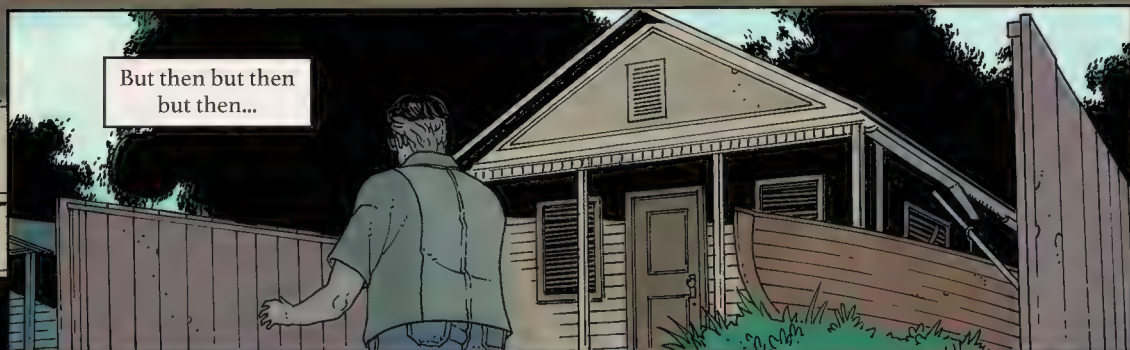


*Sui generis!*  
A revelation!

Something unique  
and different  
and new.



But then but then  
but then...



That special thing—whatever it  
is—slowly begins to lose its  
luster to the light-suck of time  
and the brightness of other,  
*newer* special things made  
by other people.





And the person—the artist  
or maker or *whatever*—is  
thus faced with the grim  
*truth* of creation:

Your special thing  
is but one of *many*.

In fact, it isn't  
*special* at all.

It's just a flash in  
the pan, man.

A fleeting *blip* on the big,  
silly cosmic screen. Blippety  
blippety blip!

Unless, of  
course...

...you can access  
that magic one  
more time...

Huh?

A 1. ROCK ALL THE TIME  
AND THE ROCKY

B 1. ROCK ROCK ROCK  
2. ROCK DAY  
3. ROCK ALL THE TIME REPIFF





A sophomore hit! A rousing follow-up!

A second strike of hot-white lightning in a bottle that's only made to hold *one*.



A new song to save the world.

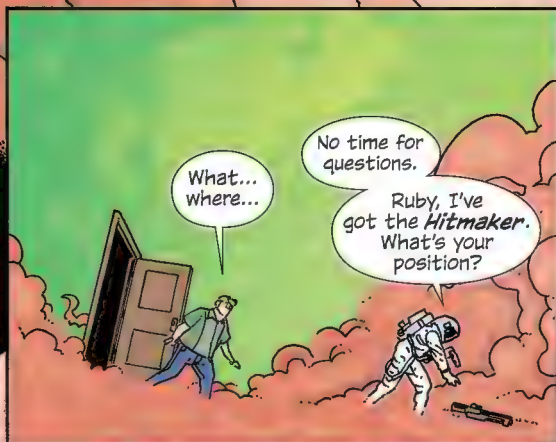
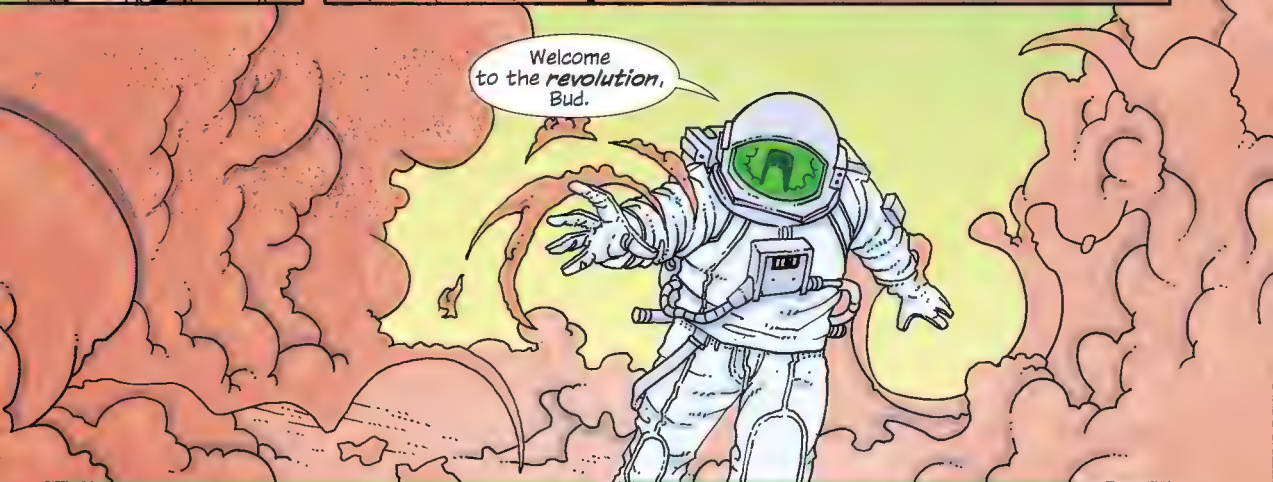
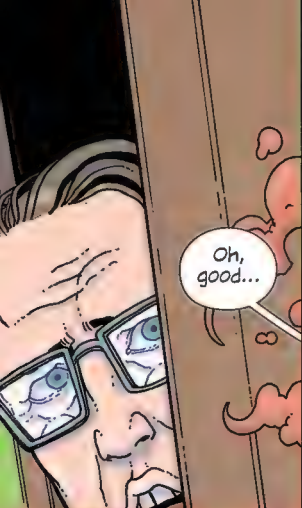
It's right there, in your gut, waiting to be pulled out.



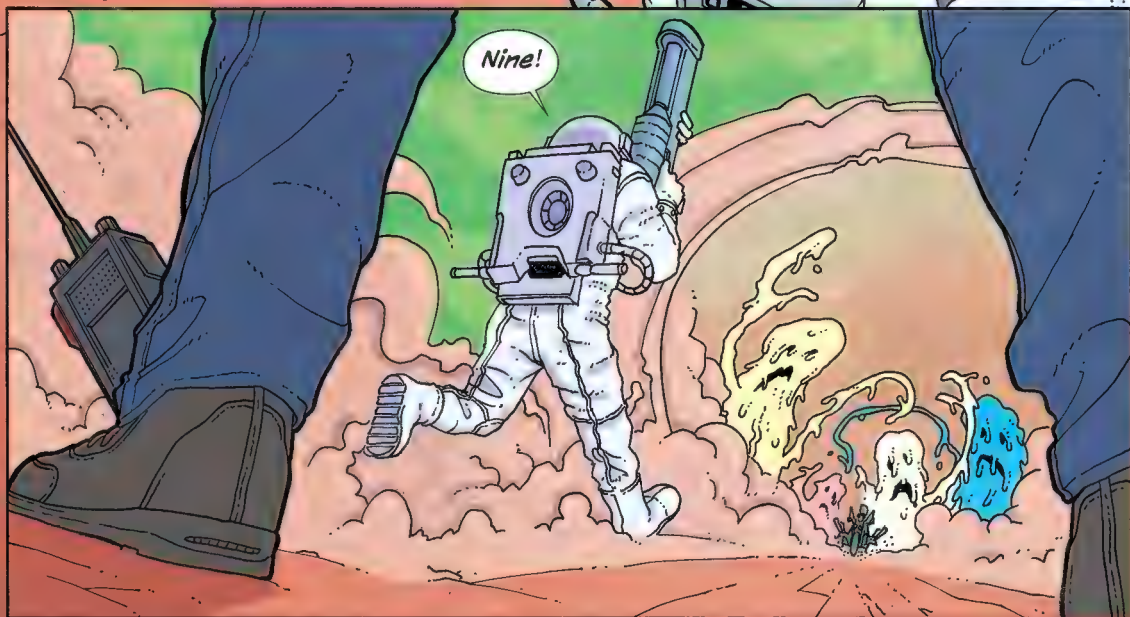
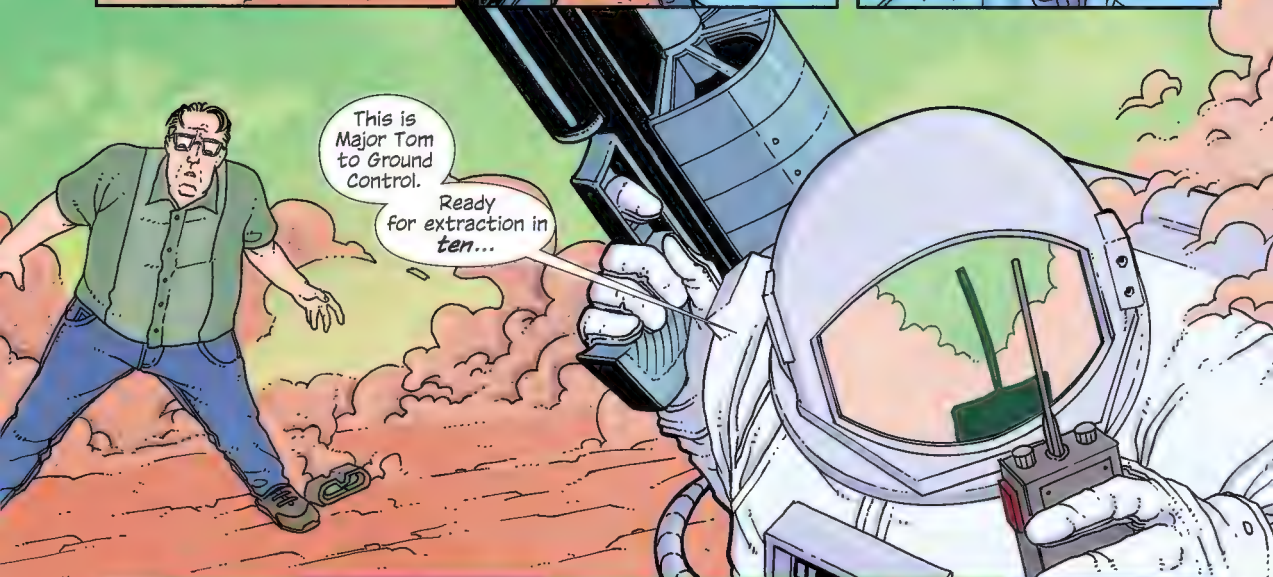
Reach on in, Buddy boy.



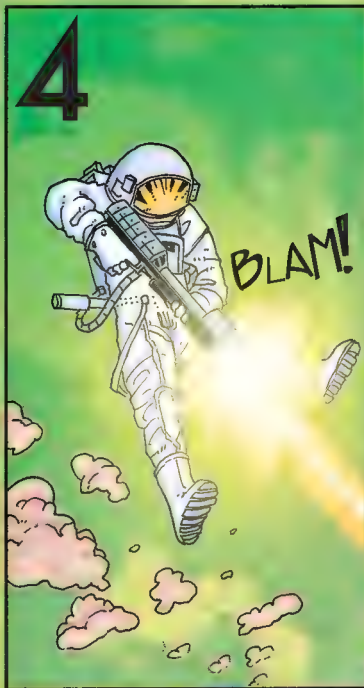
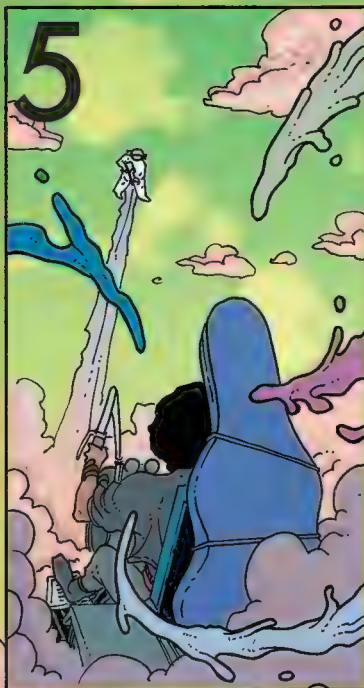
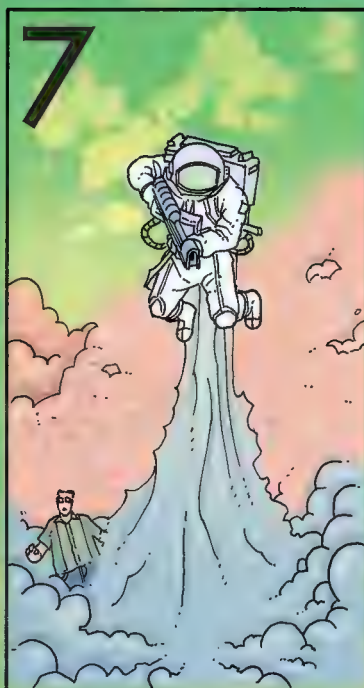
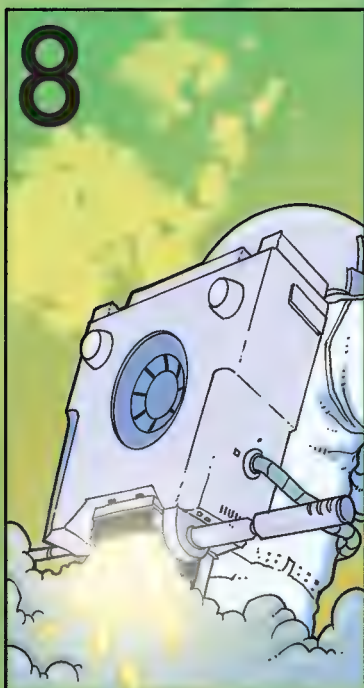








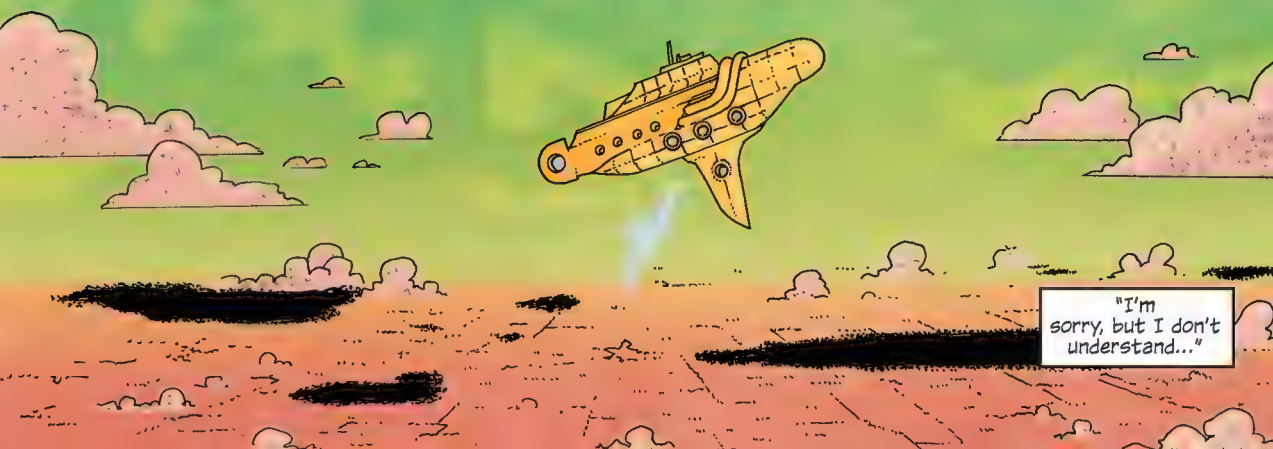






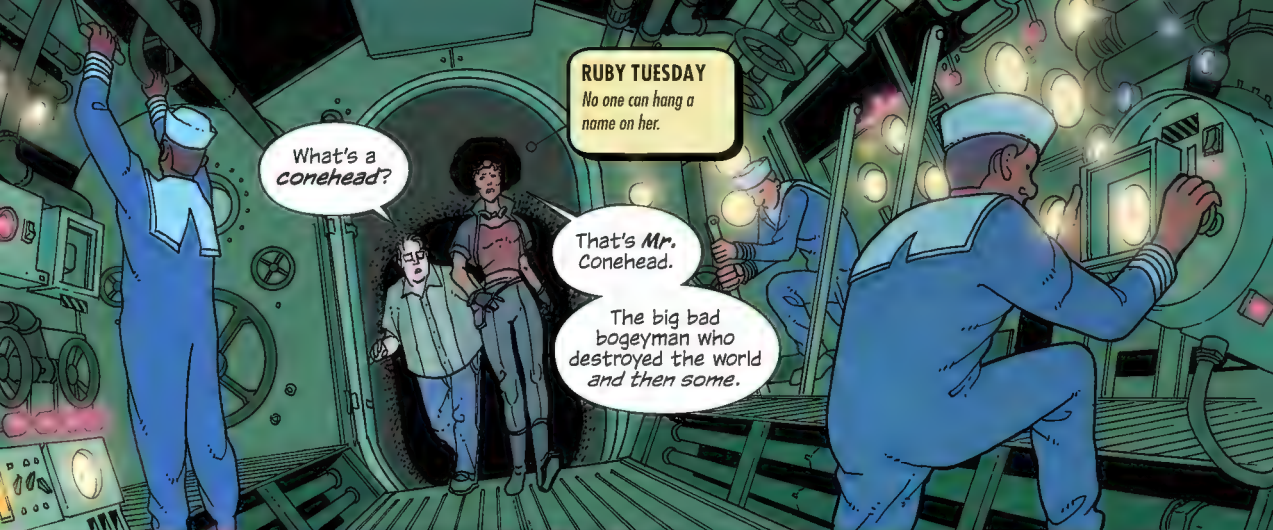


One!  
G.C.!  
get us  
out!



"I'm  
sorry, but I don't  
understand..."





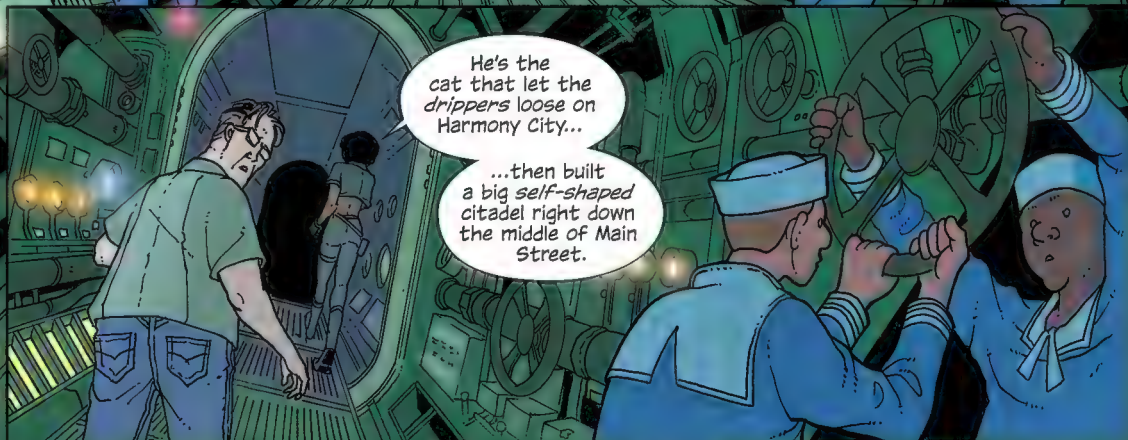
RUBY TUESDAY

No one can hang a name on her.

What's a conehead?

That's Mr. Conehead.

The big bad bogeyman who destroyed the world and then some.



He's the cat that let the drippers loose on Harmony City..

...then built a big self-shaped citadel right down the middle of Main Street.



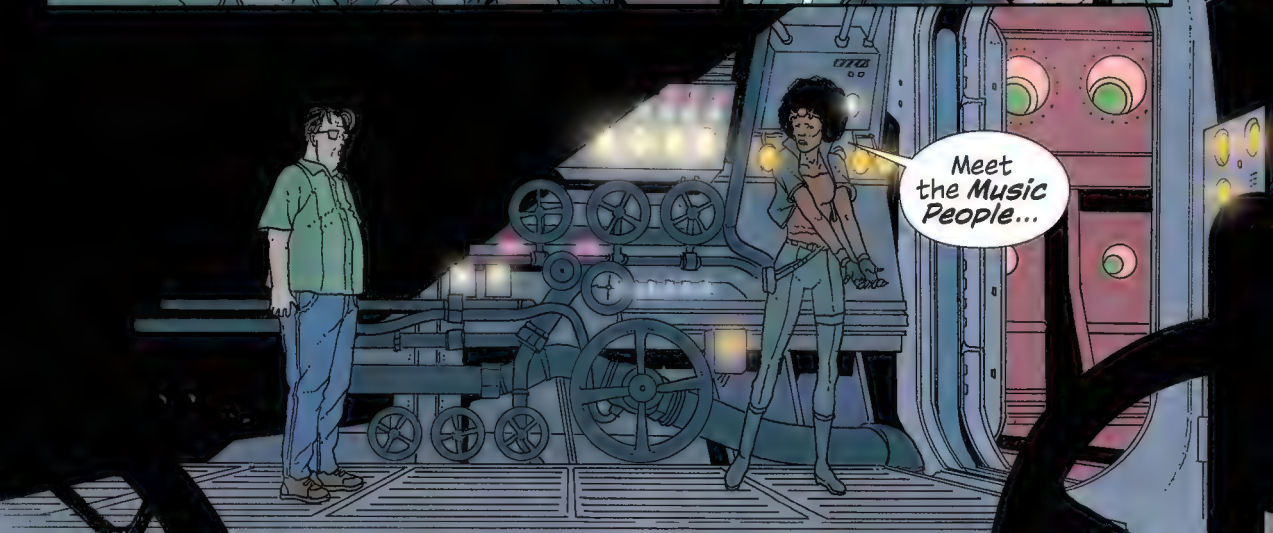
He's the guy you're here to stop, Hitmaker.

With your new tune.



My new tune...

Bud Hickey...



Meet the Music People...





**ZIGGY**  
%^&@#\*!

**ELEANOR RIGBY**  
Keeps her face in a jar by the door.

**CAPTAIN JACK**  
He'll get you high tonight.

**ROCKY RACCOON**  
Fond of saloons; reads Gideon's Bible.

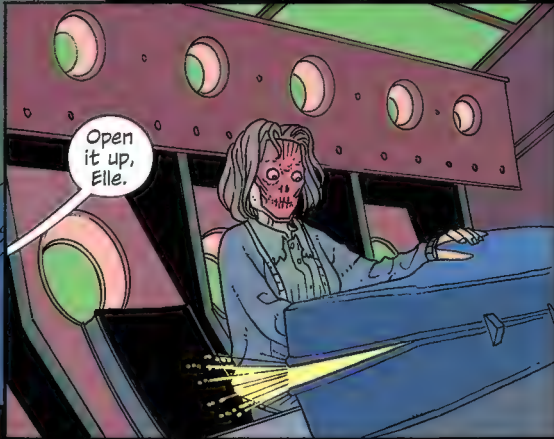
**MAJOR TOM**  
Really made the grade.

Ahoy!

Well look who made it out alive!

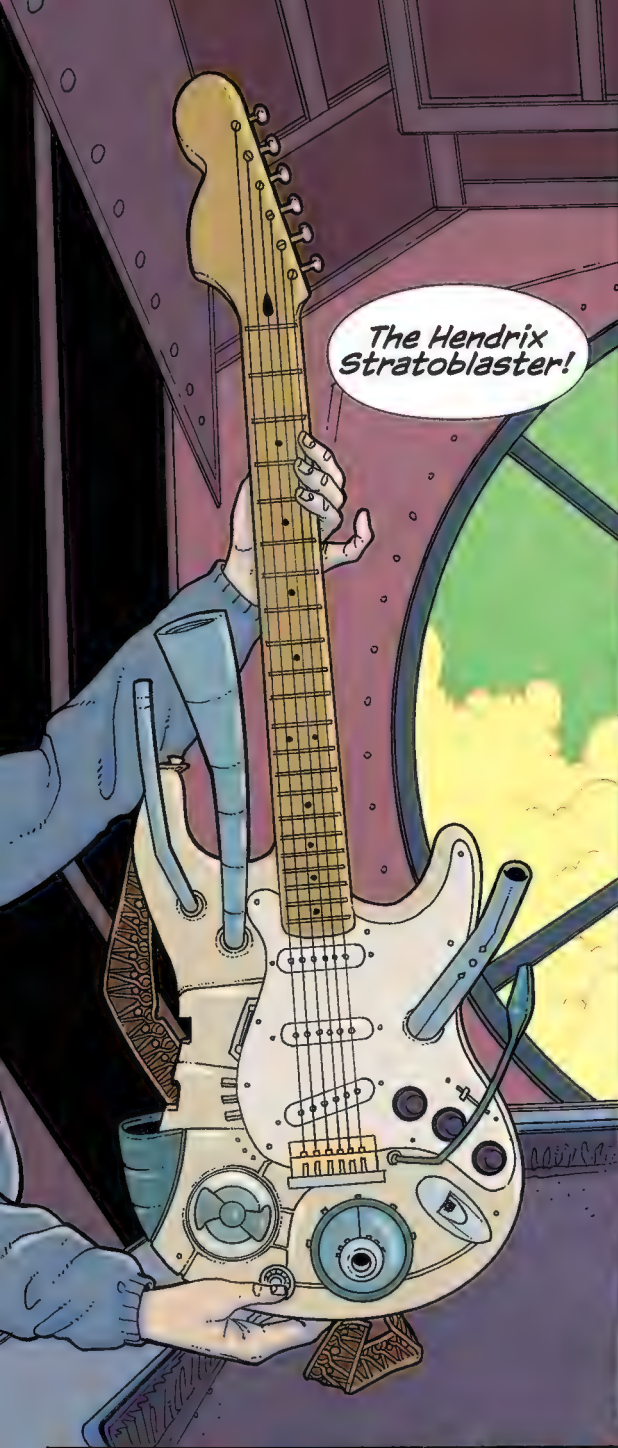


You're from songs...  
From all the different--

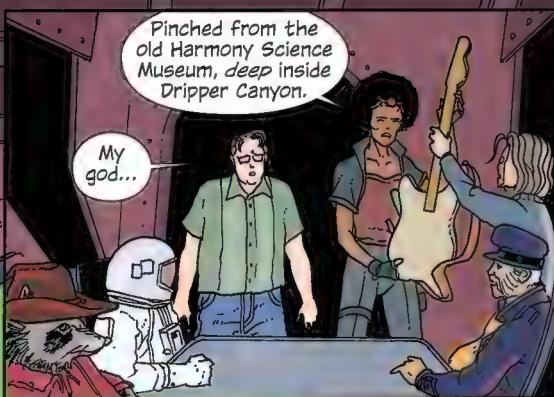


Open it up, Elle.





*The Hendrix  
Stratoblaster!*

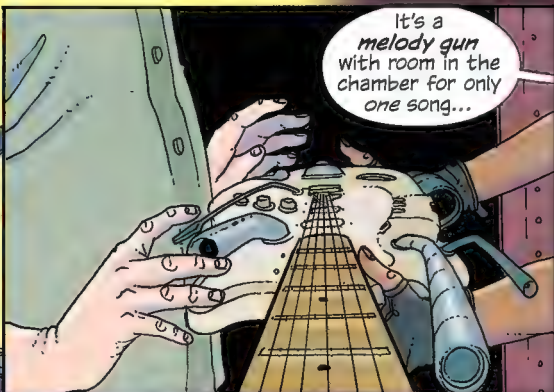


Pinched from the  
old Harmony Science  
Museum, deep inside  
Dripper Canyon.

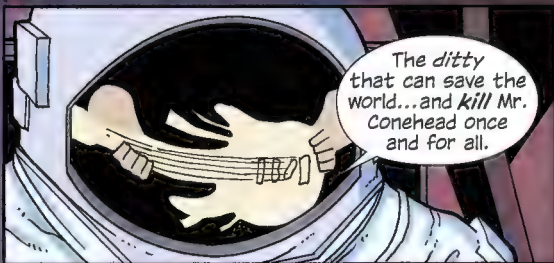
My  
god...



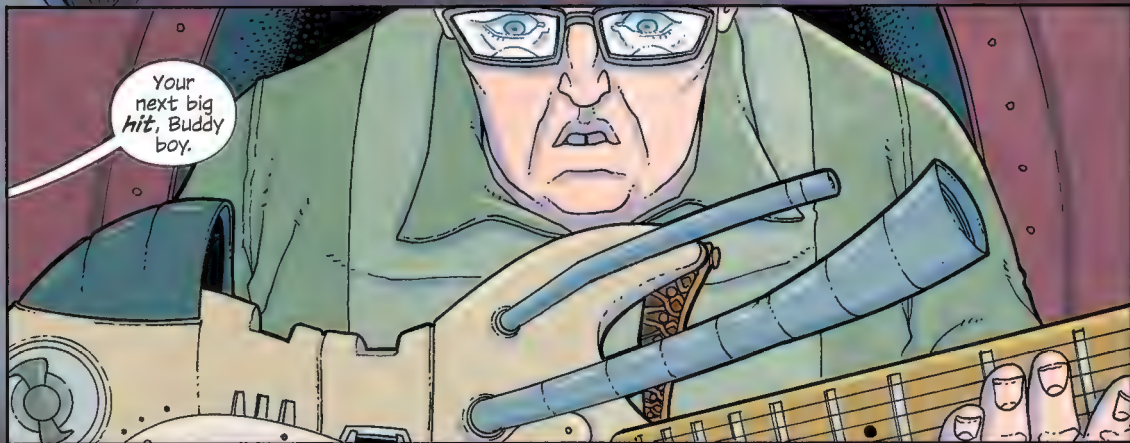
This right  
here is why we  
summoned you, Bud.  
To play the  
Hendrix.



It's a  
*melody gun*  
with room in the  
chamber for only  
one song...



The ditty  
that can save the  
world... and *kill* Mr.  
Conehead once  
and for all.



Your  
next big  
*hit*, Buddy  
boy.





Set a course for Harmony City! We're gonna meet those frickin' drippers head-on and end this war for good!

We've got the Hitmaker!

You're not hearing me!

I tried writing another hit...



ROCK ALL THE TIME PART TWO.

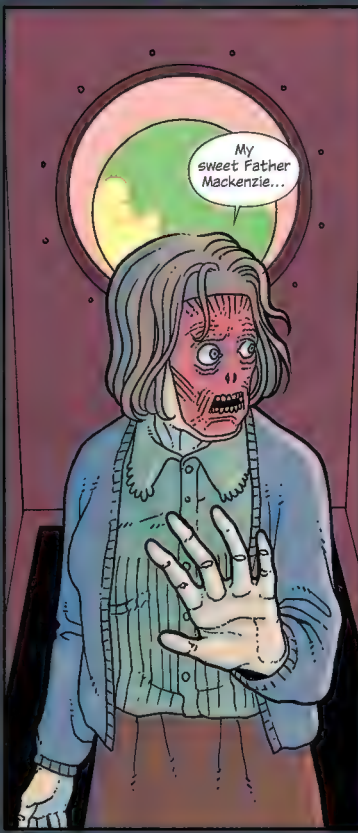
KEEP ON ROCKING ALL THE TIME. They all...

It never worked. I only had the one song.



Now you listen to me, you lousy tuna sandwich!

People have died so you could play this thing.



My sweet Father Mackenzie...

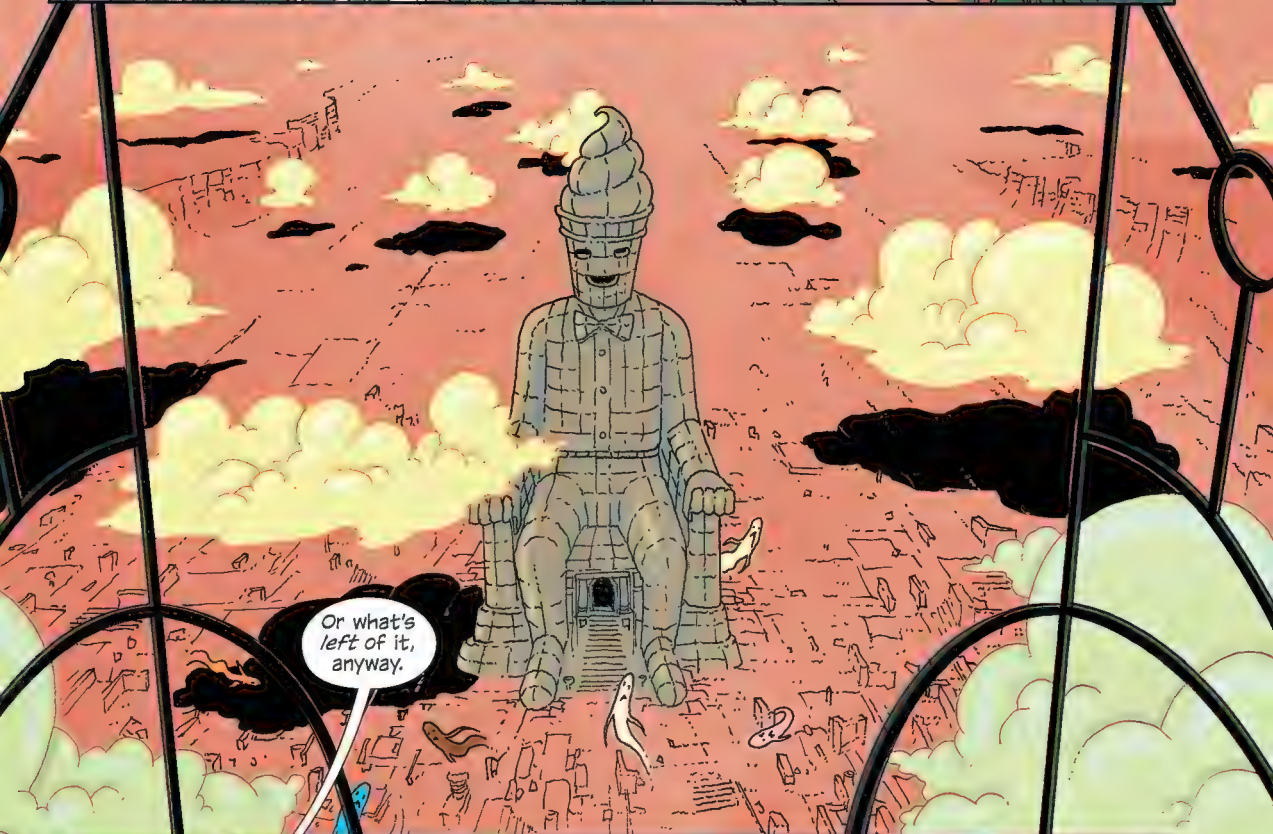
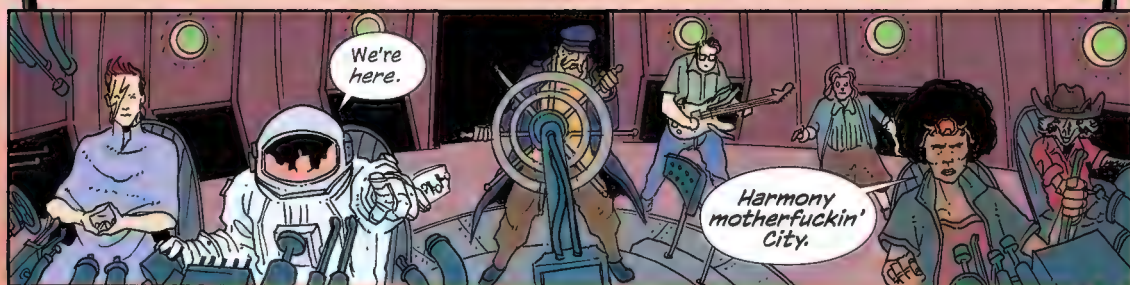


So you shut your trap and put your fingers to the fretboard.

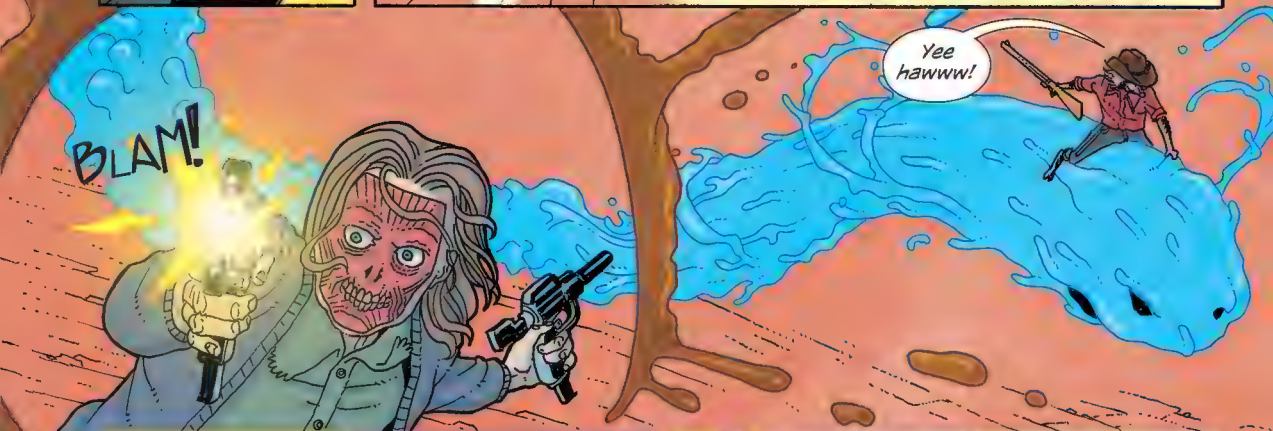
Get writing!

High alert, folks...

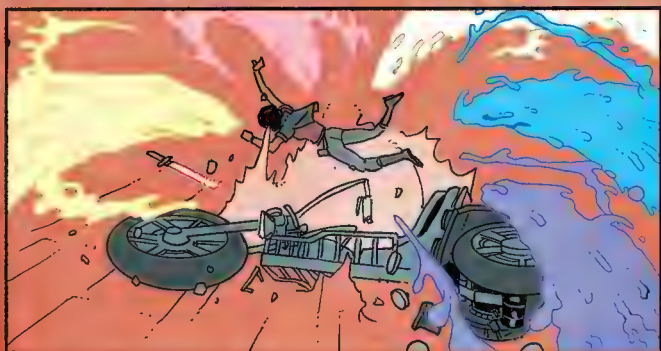
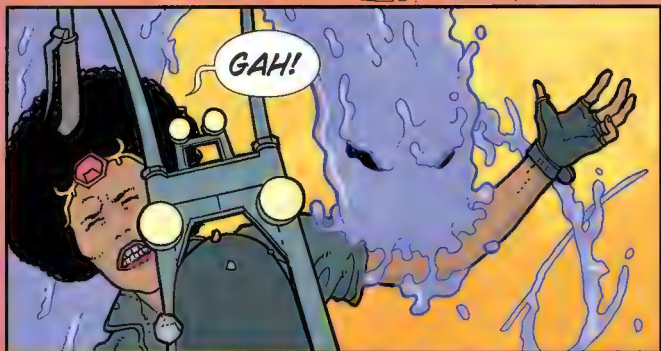
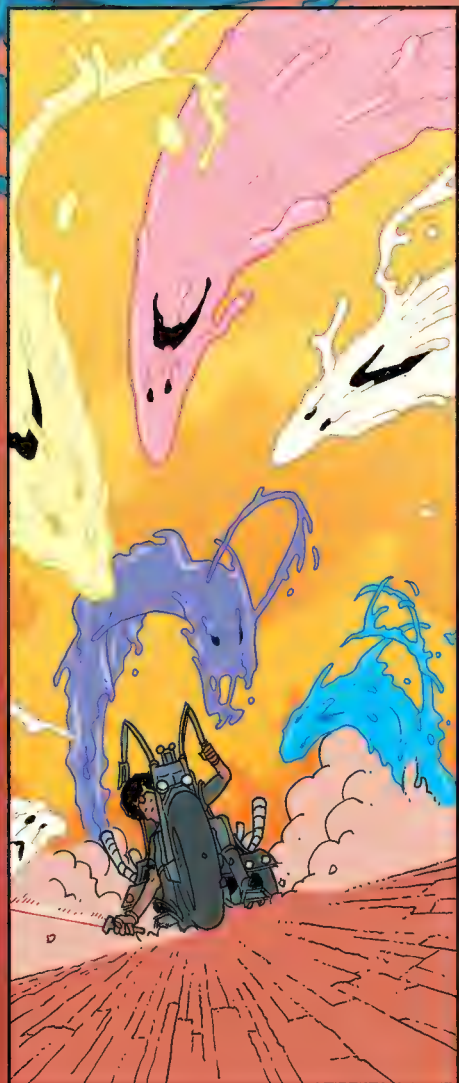
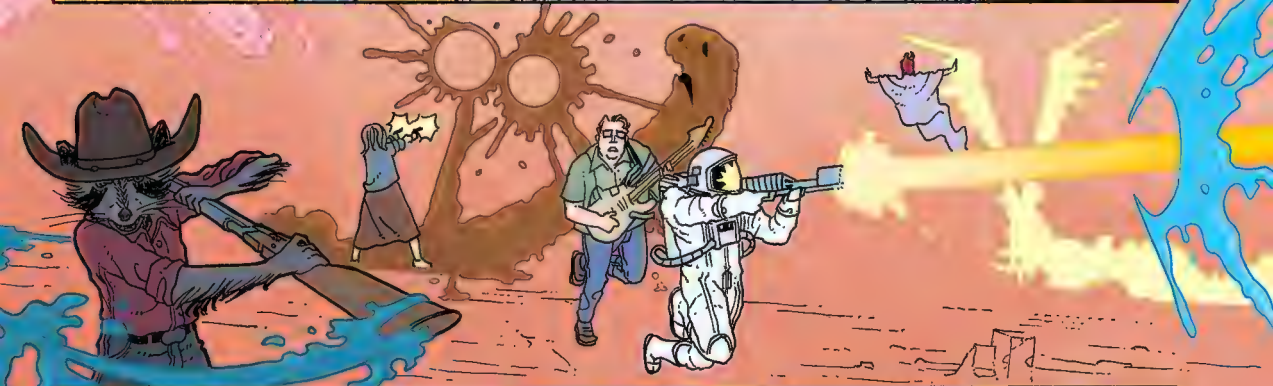




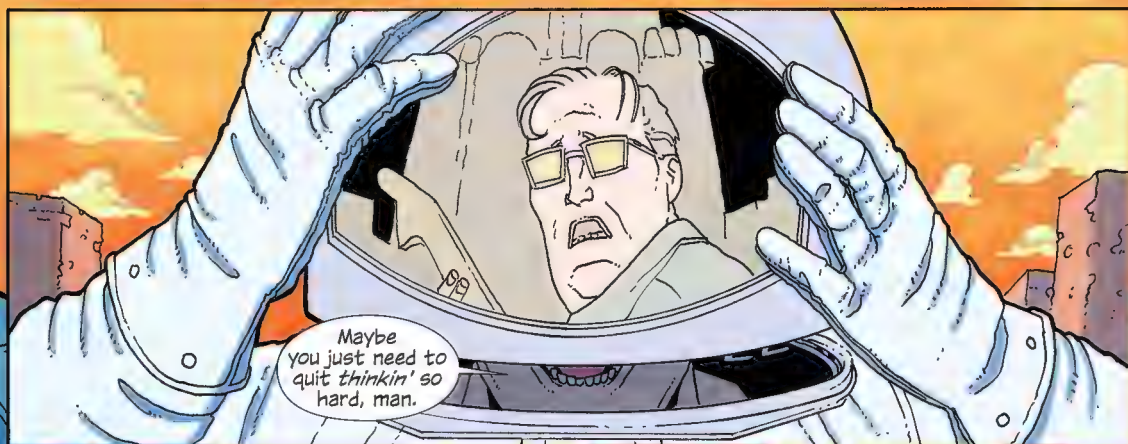
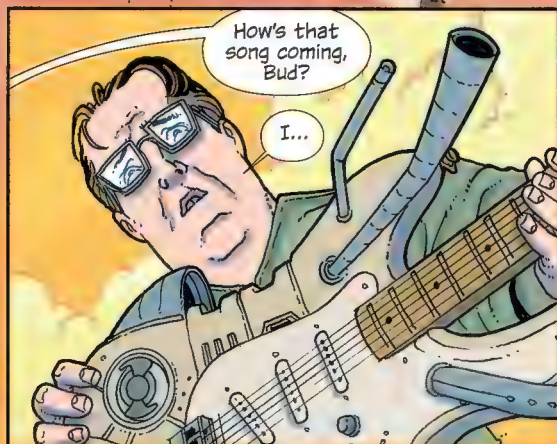
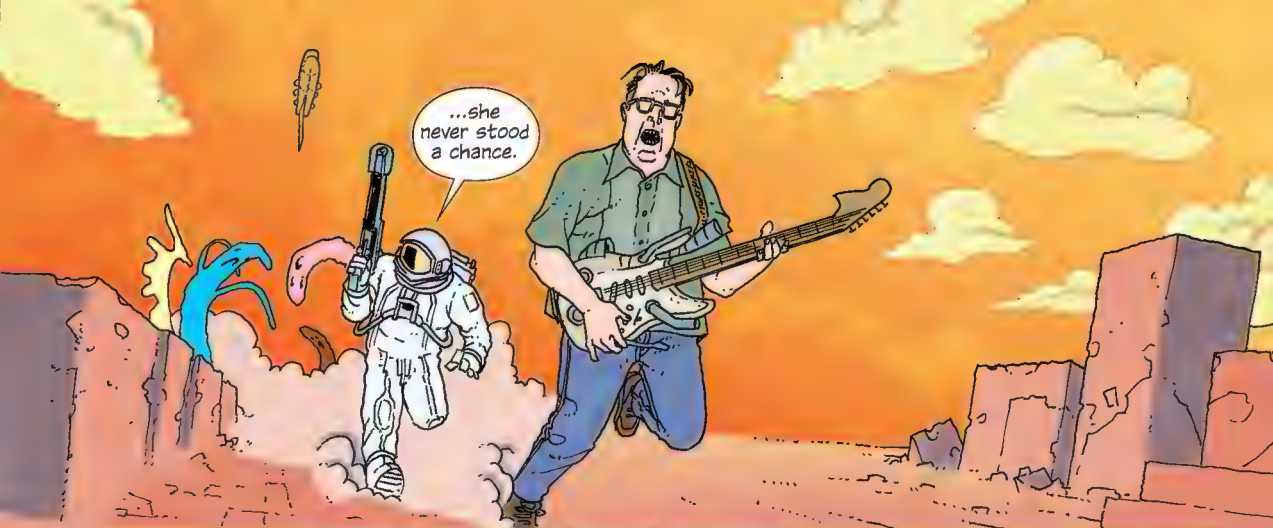






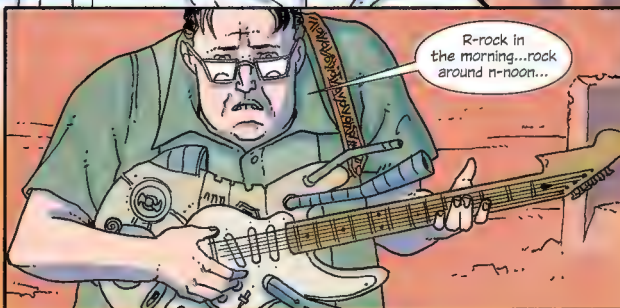








And play  
some good, ol'  
fashioned **Rock  
and Roll!**





ROCK  
ALL THE  
TIME!



Bud!

Bud!

Bud!





Bud!

Bud!

Hey,  
Bud!



You  
alright,  
man?

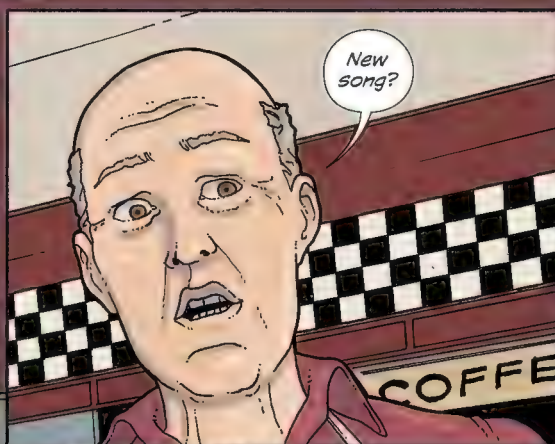
Gave  
us a scare  
there.

The  
Music People...  
Conehead...



Did I  
do it?

Did I  
save the world  
with a new  
song?



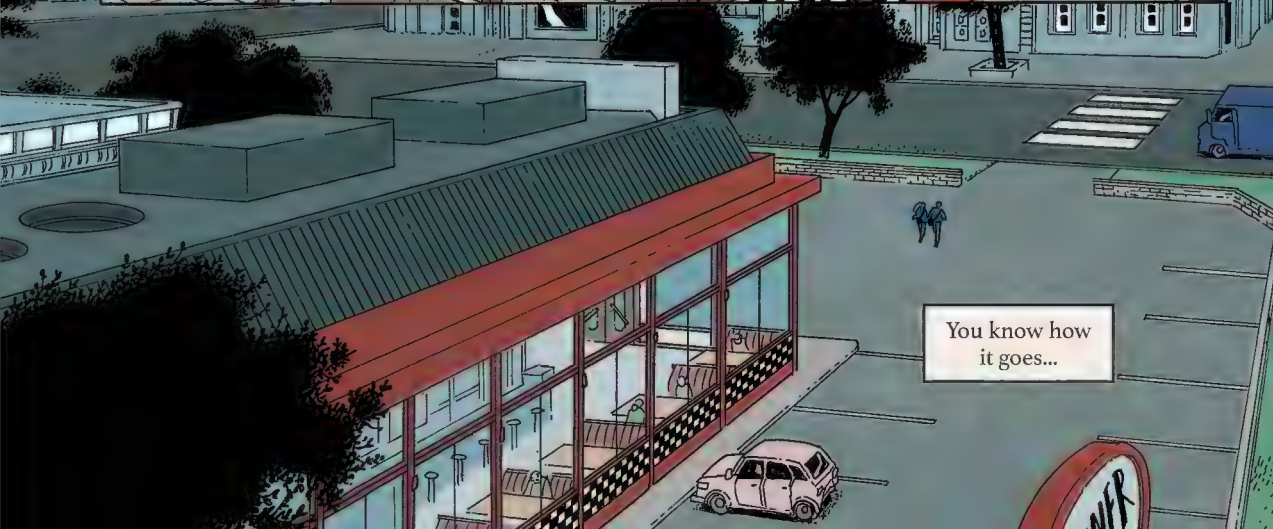
New  
song?

How  
about I fix  
you another  
pot, huh?

...double  
strength  
this time.

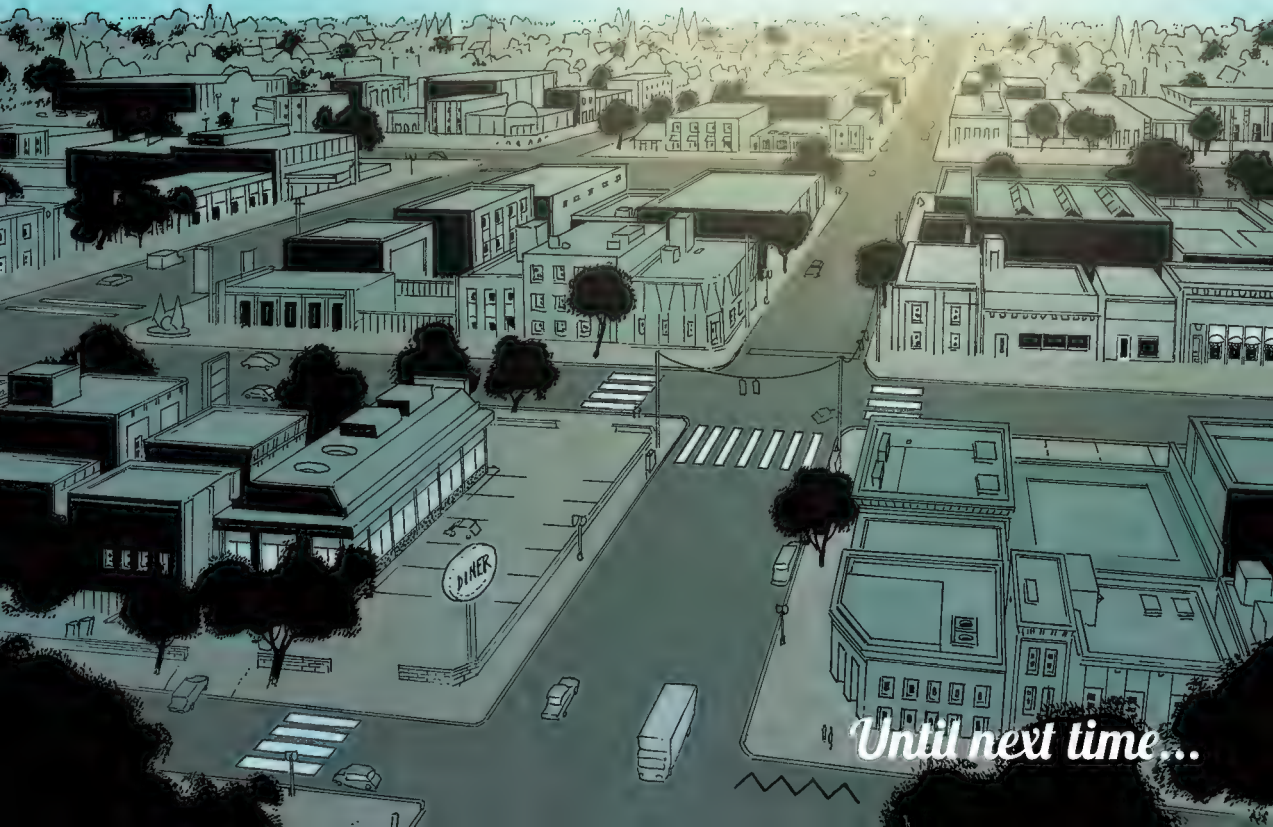








Don't you?



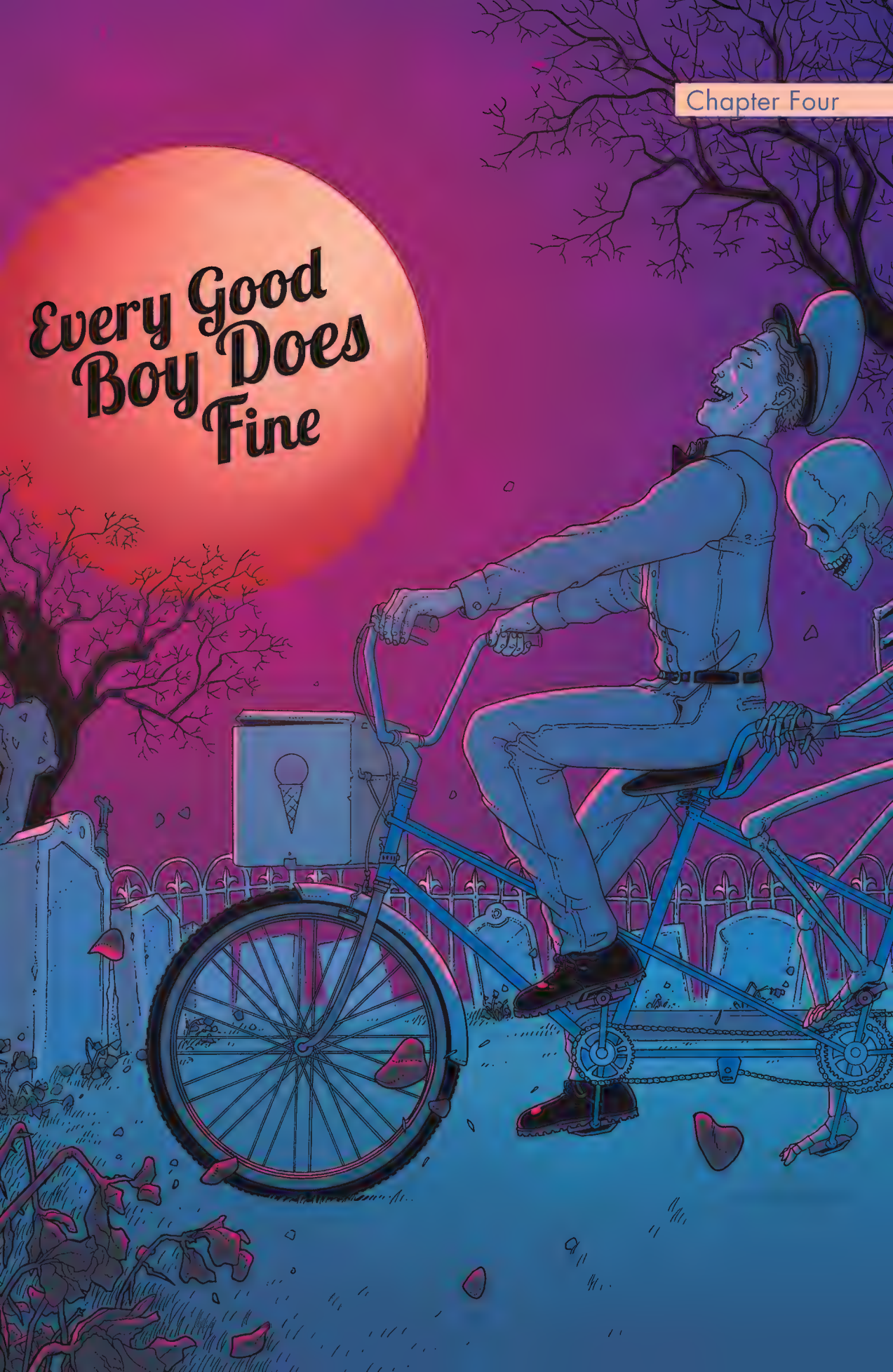
*Until next time...*



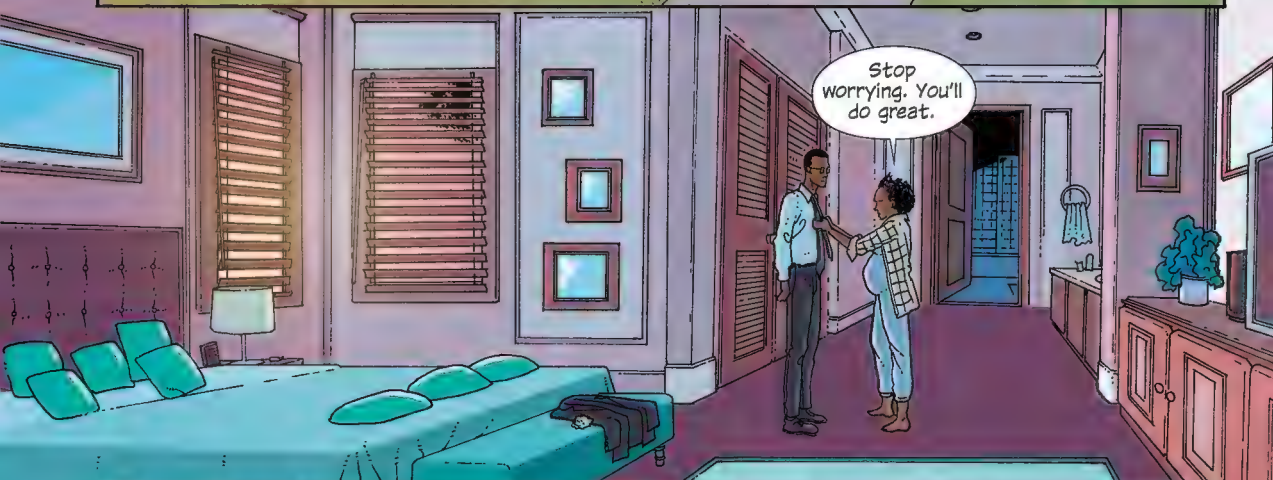
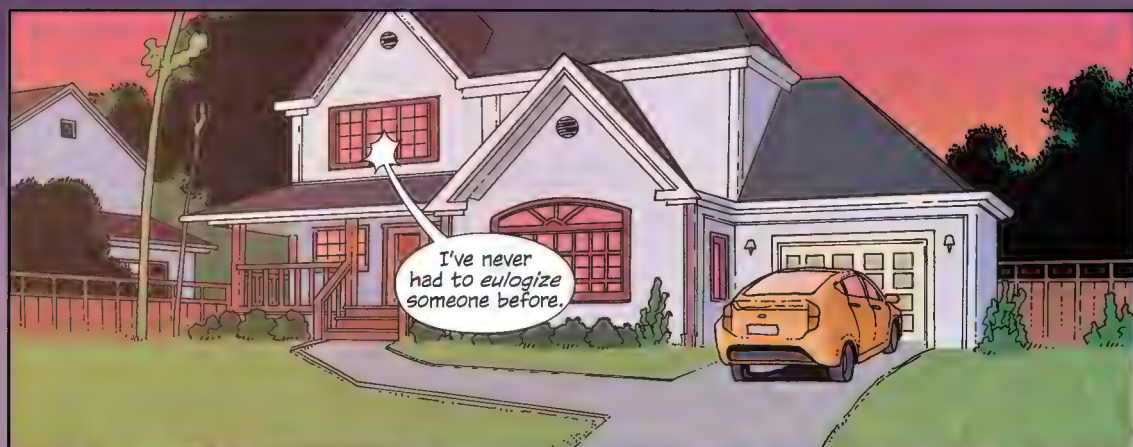




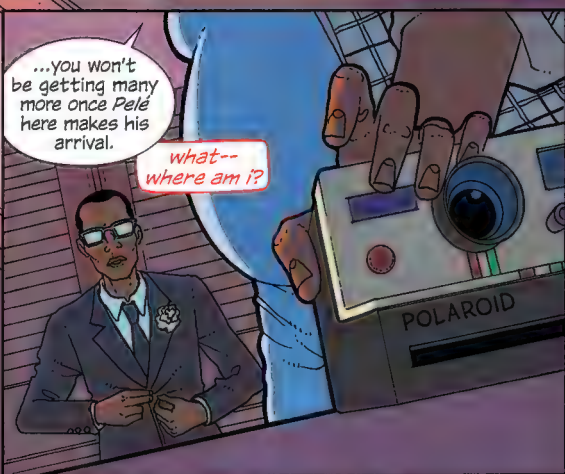
# Every Good Boy Does Fine













I heard...

I think his dad's coming. After all this time.

SNAP!

Twenty-five years.

I'm not sure what I should say to him.

Voilà.

I swear I used to be taller.

Joel. Chris was one of your best friends.

The only thing you need to worry about is being there for him.

Now, let's hear it from the top.

"Chris was a complicated guy."





He was,  
first and foremost,  
a musical genius.

He  
had this  
ear...



Any song  
he heard, he could  
play back on guitar  
or piano within  
seconds.

It was  
amazing to  
watch.



By my best  
guess, Chris was a  
living, breathing piece  
of major scale  
composition.



His laugh  
was like a good  
*chorus*, or a  
jingle...

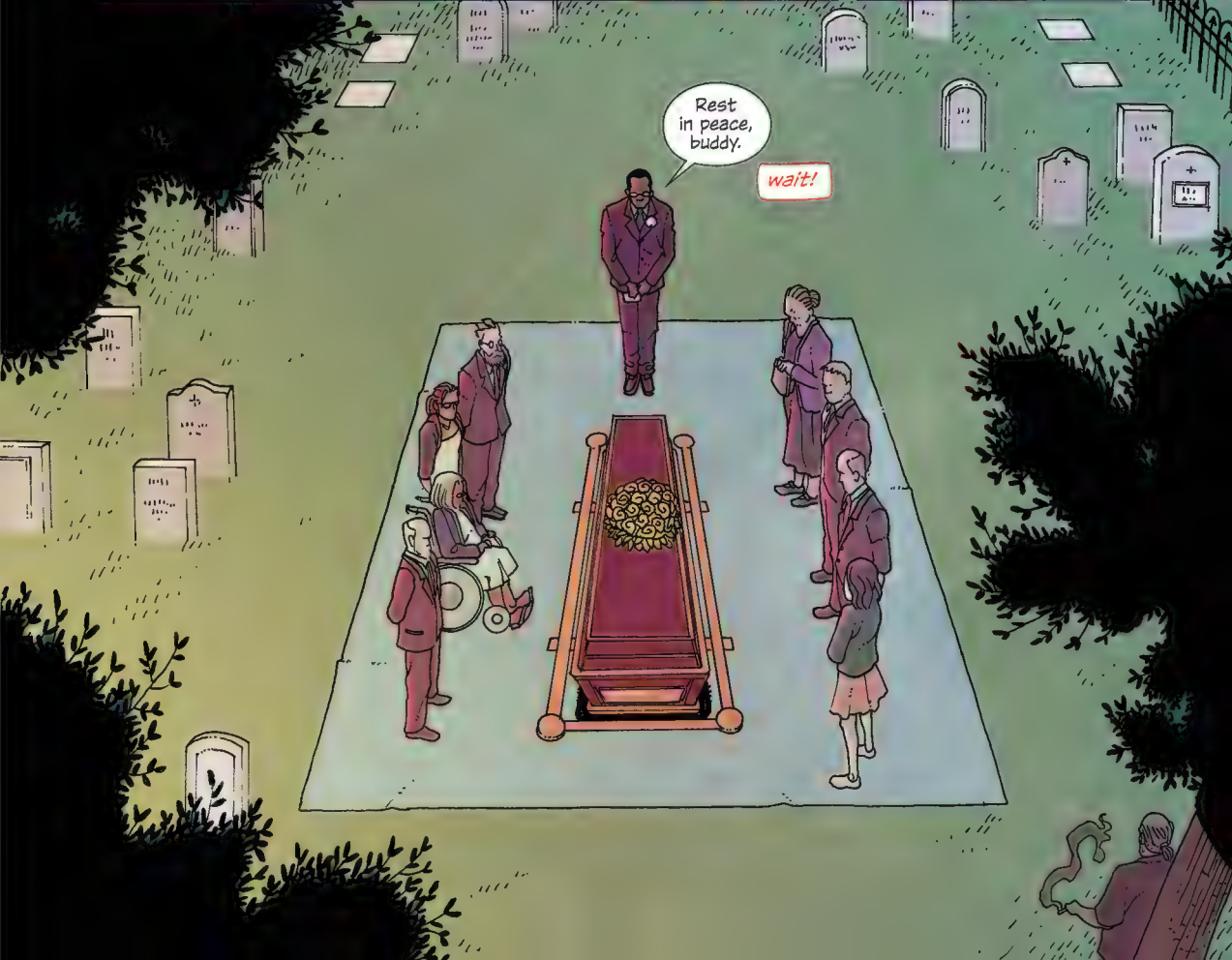
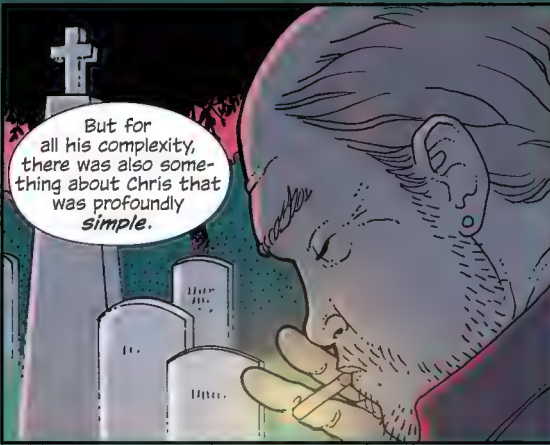
But then,  
sometimes...  
he'd brood.



Like any genius, Chris was  
given to severe moods and  
bouts of self-deprecation that  
sucked the life right out of  
the room.

We called these  
episodes his "*minor  
chords*."









Really lovely, Joel. Truly.



I always said you had a way with words...



Come here, brother!

Mr. Carson... hey...hi.

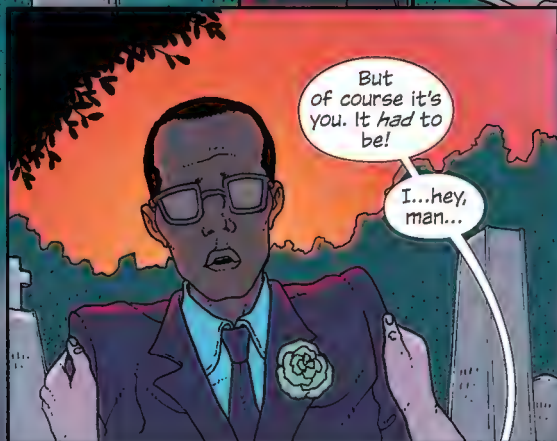


I'm... sorry for your loss.

Your loss, too, Jo-Jo.

Thanks for that back there.

With his mom passed, and me being... well, *me*... I wasn't sure who it was that would speechify Chrissy proper.



But of course it's you. It had to be!

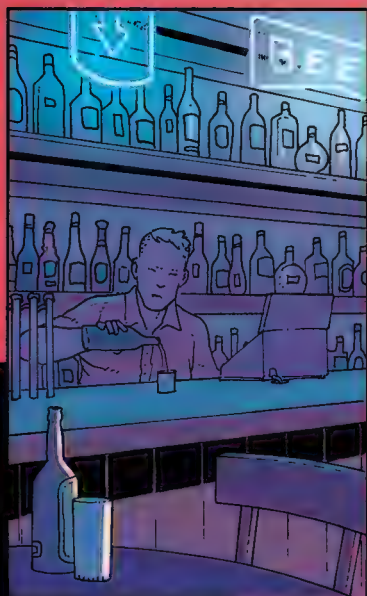
I...hey, man...



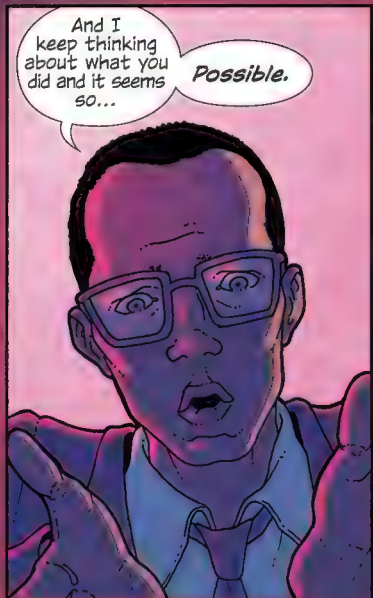
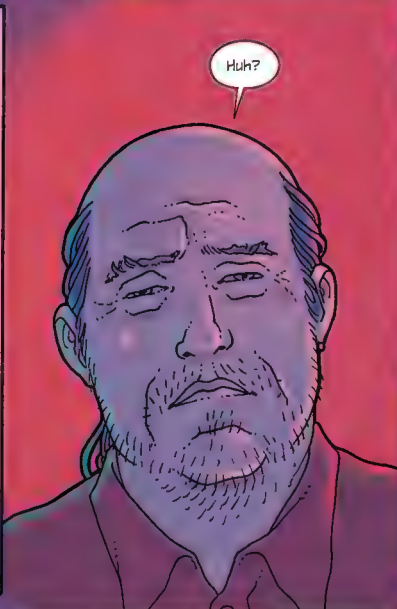
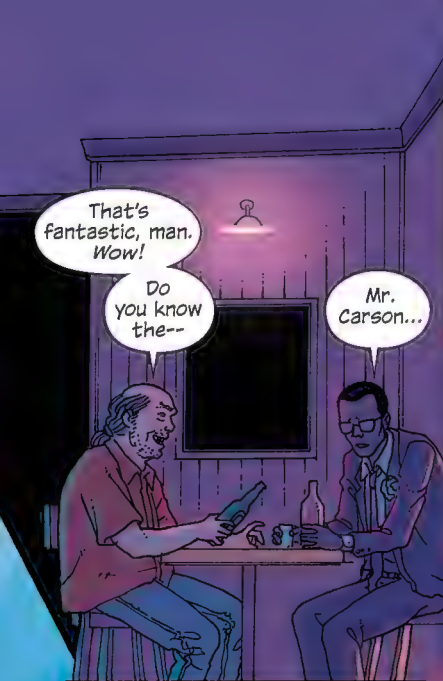
I'm a sad old putz with no friends in town.

You wanna grab a drink or something?

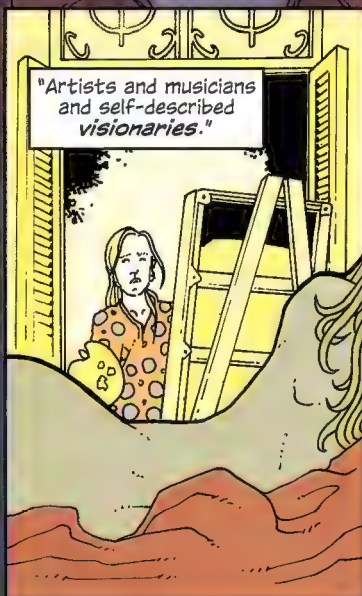
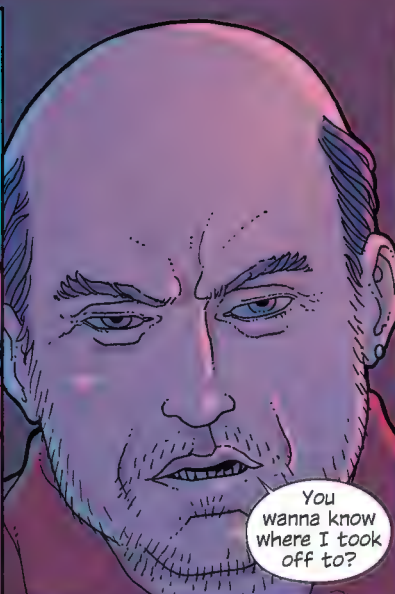
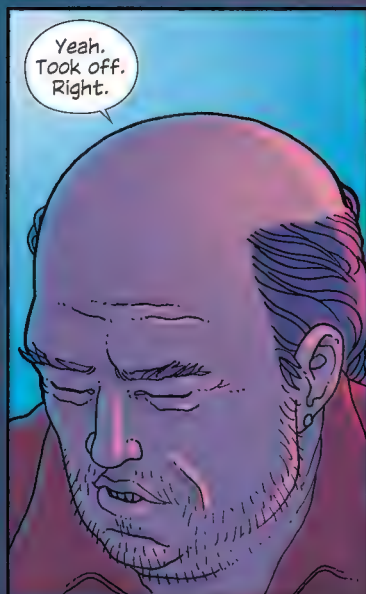
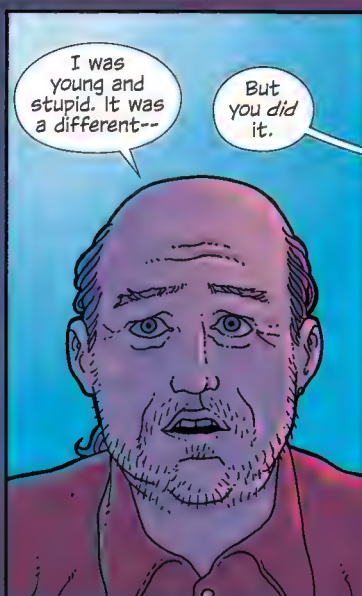
















HRRGGG

Jesus.  
You okay,  
man?

this is not  
okay!



You left  
to live on a  
commune?

Take  
a seat,  
brother.



They  
called it "free  
love."

But  
any love worth  
its salt **costs**  
you...



Being a  
dad seemed like  
a trap.

I'd come  
home from a shift  
and Chris would be  
screaming.



The kind  
of noise that  
made you want  
to shoot your  
brains out.



Then  
he started  
with the  
music.

At six  
the kid had more  
talent in his pinky  
than I'd had in my  
entire life.



I thought...  
I assumed taking care of Chris  
and his mom meant that all my  
big ideas about the world and  
what I wanted to **do** in it had  
to be put on hold.



That **me**,  
the individual,  
had been erased  
by **him**.



So I  
bailed. Walked  
right out the  
door.

But...  
Joel, man. I  
don't know how  
to say this  
right.



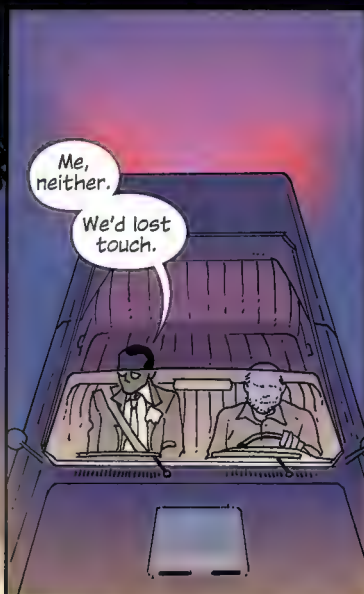






He was sick and I never even knew.

My own son...



Me, neither.

We'd lost touch.



If I could only...



Just hug him, to tell him it's okay.



I never got to hug my boy.



Christ.



Sorry, man.

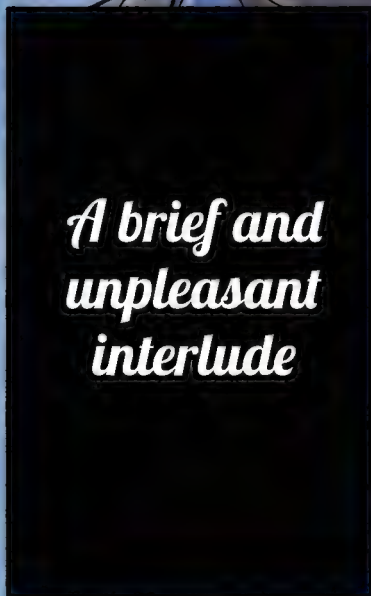
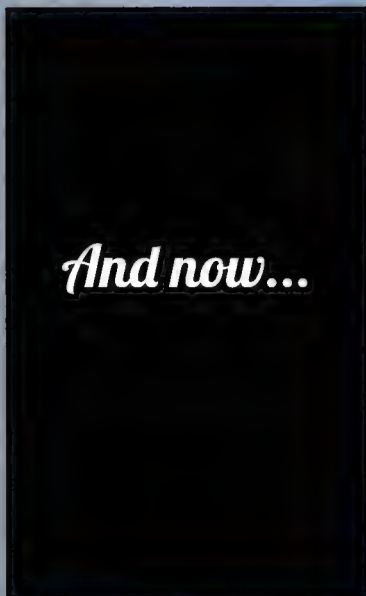
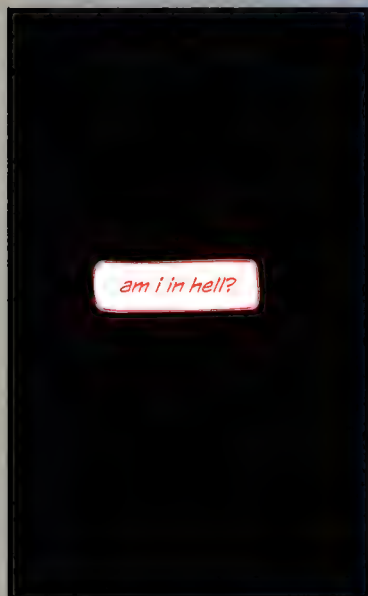


I know you didn't ask for this.

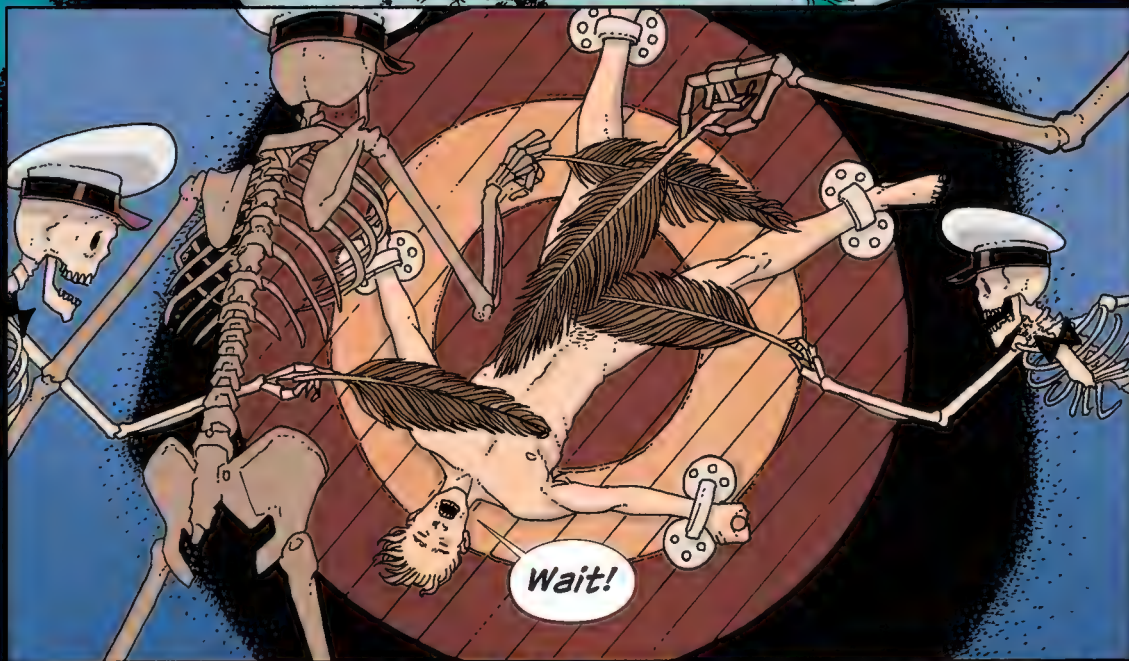


is this hell?

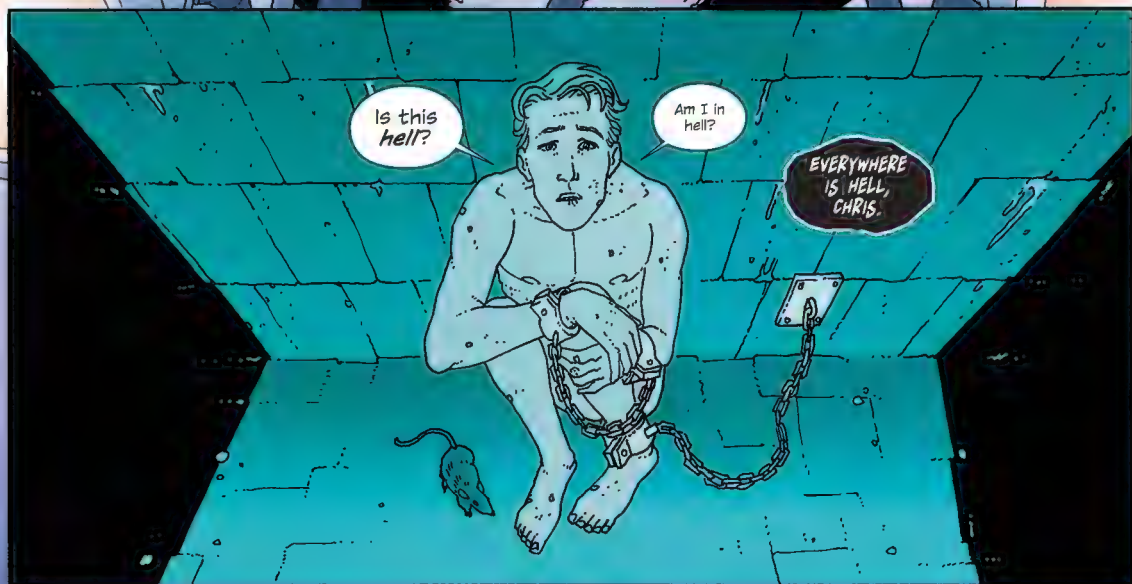














YOU'RE  
IN THE SWEET  
PLACE.

WHERE ALL  
THE SICK LITTLE BOYS  
AND GIRLS COME TO  
ROT THEIR  
TEETH!

Sweet  
place...



YOU DIED,  
AND NOW YOU'RE  
HERE.

EASY PEASY,  
LICKETY SPLIT!

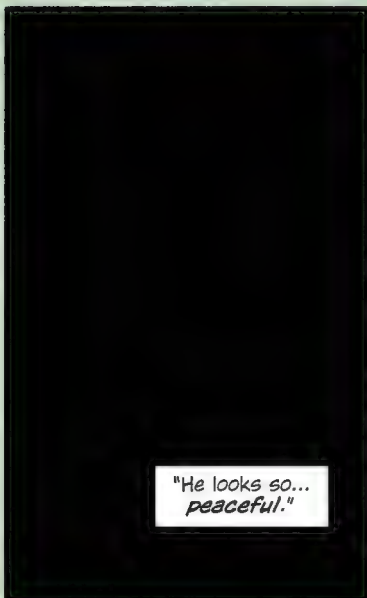
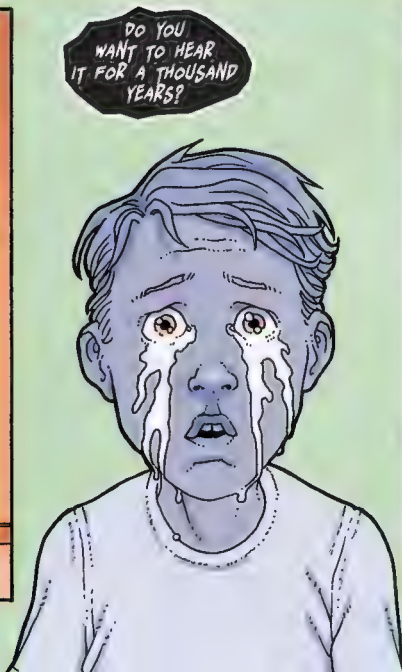


YOU LIKE  
MUSIC, RIGHT?

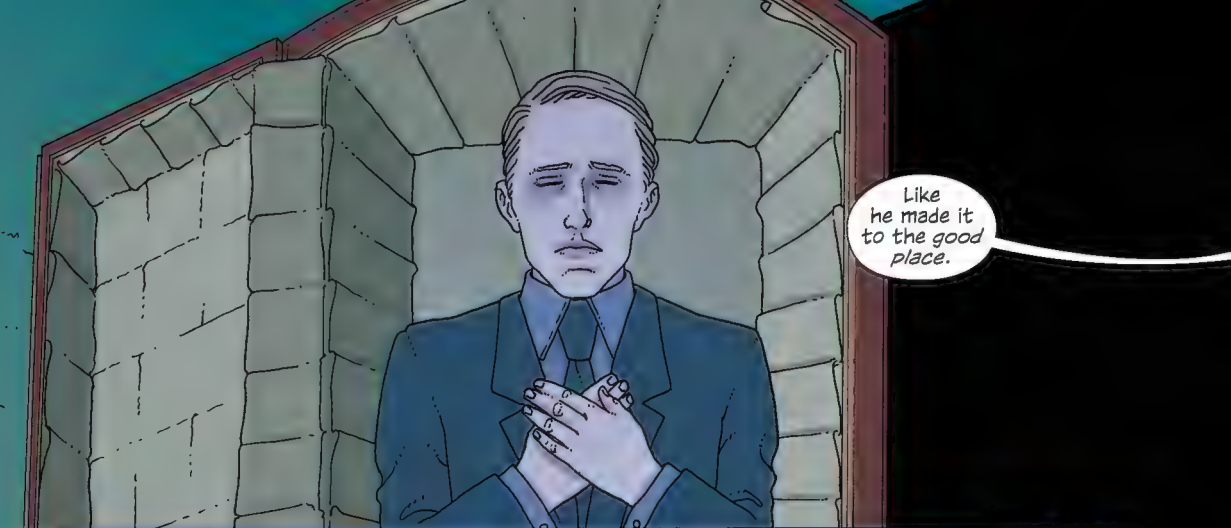


HERE'S  
A TUNE I'VE  
BEEN WORKING  
ON.













It's okay.  
I'm here now.



I'm not going anywhere.

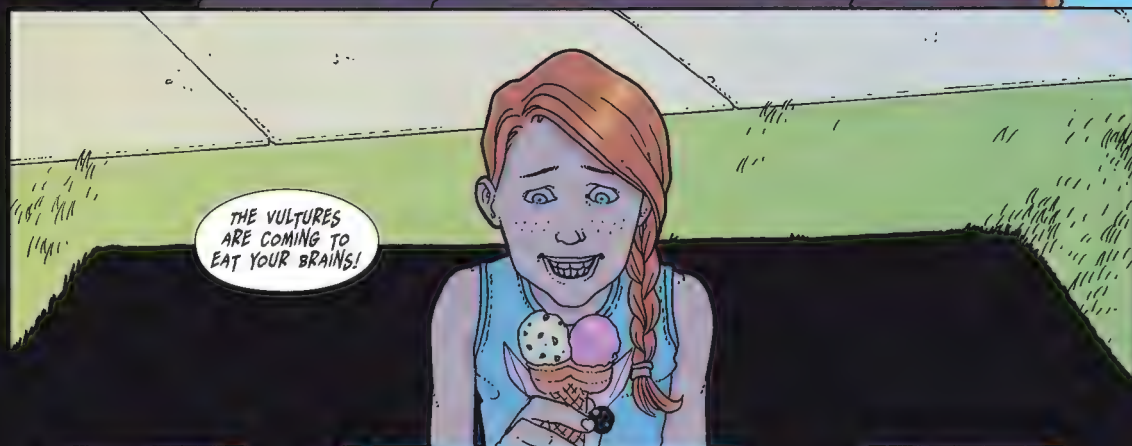
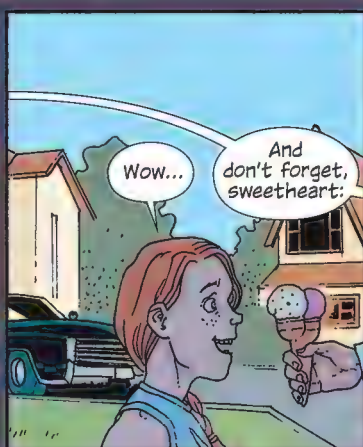


I'm right here.



"Hold on as tight as you can..."









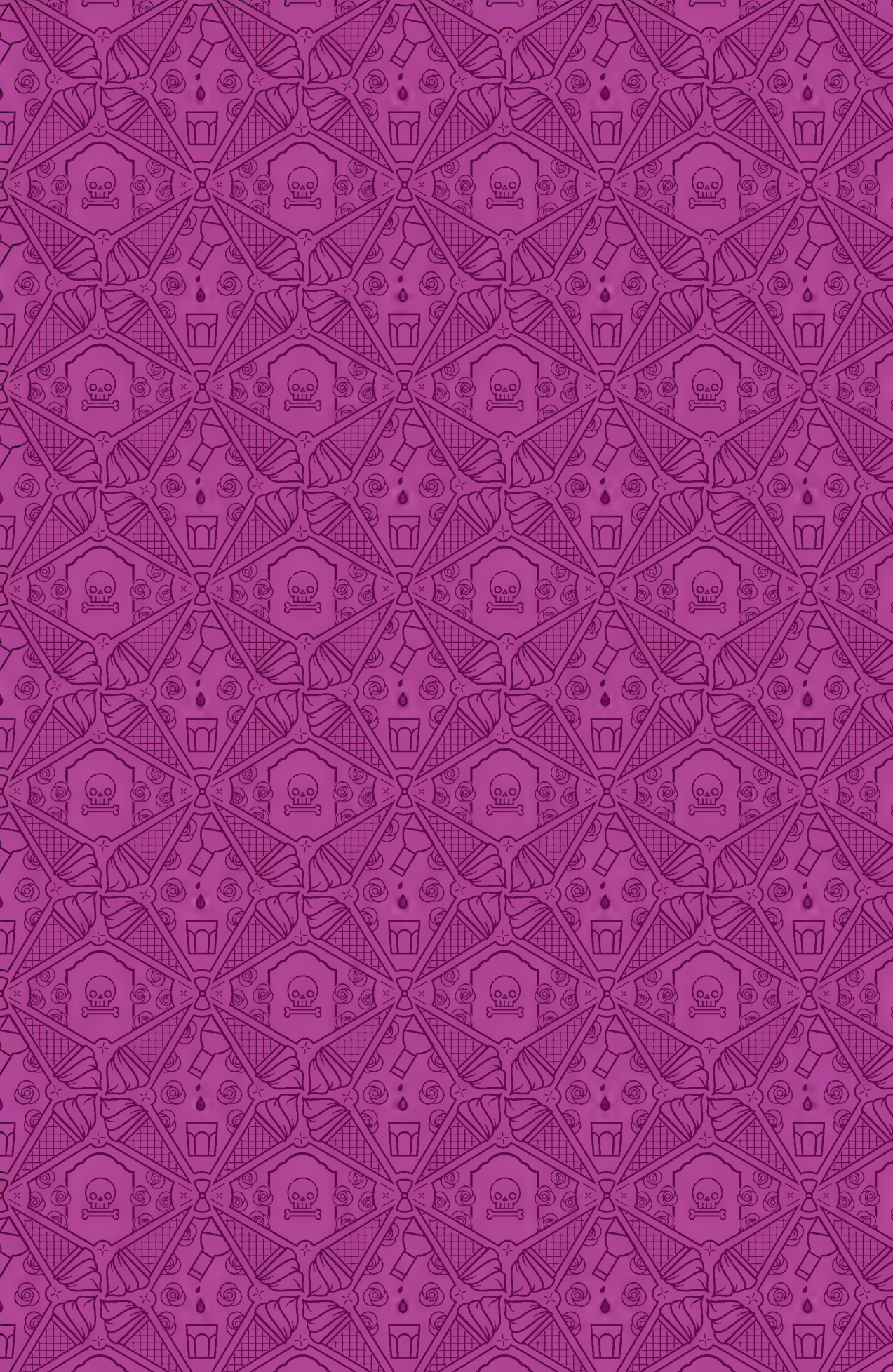




♪

*Many happy returns...*







# EXTRA TREATS



What follows are variant covers, sketches,  
and miscellanea from the first volume of  
**ICE CREAM MAN.**

*Lickety split.*



ISSUE 1 • COVER B  
FRAZER IRVING







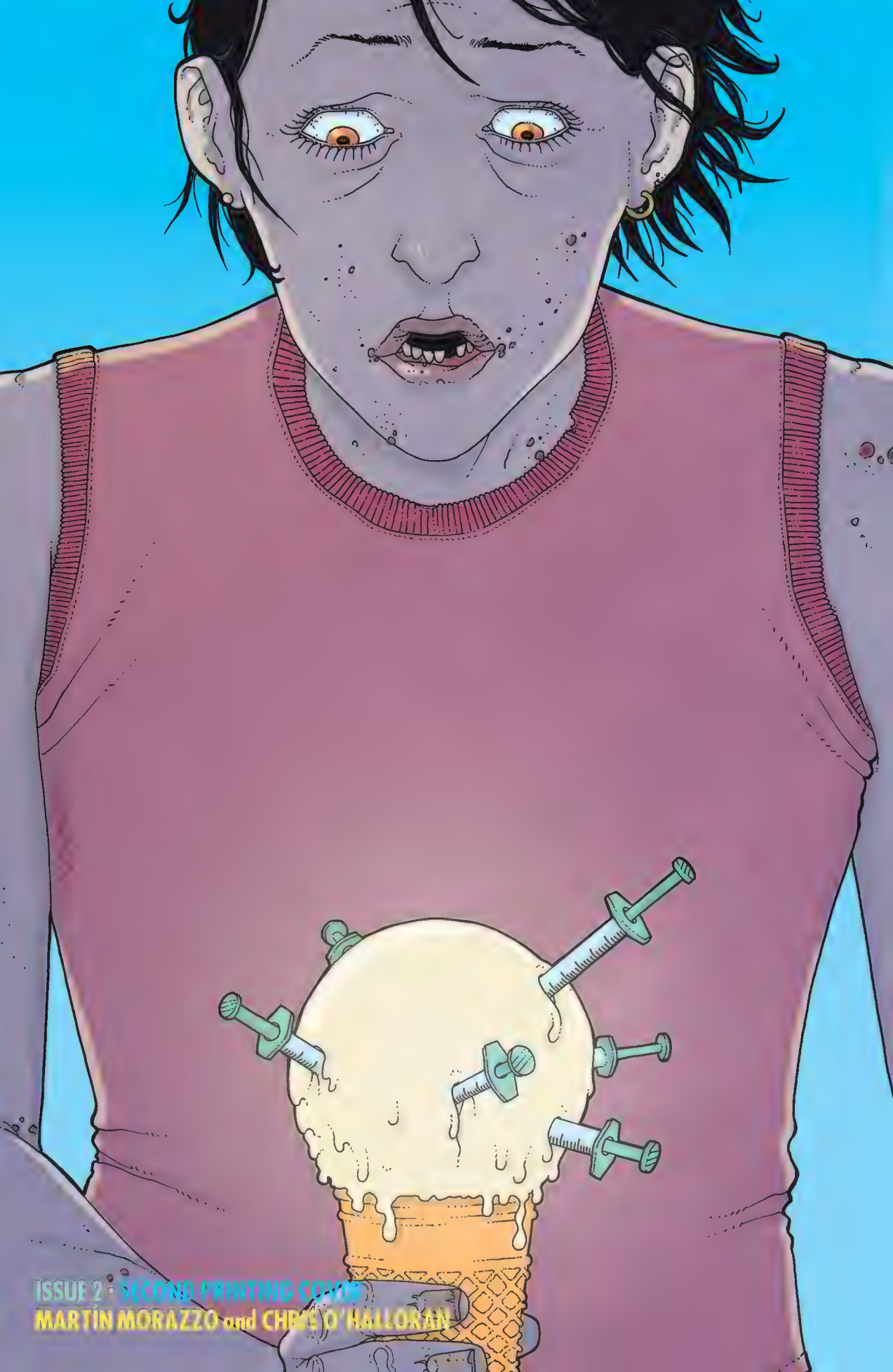
**ISSUE 1** • SECOND PRINTING COVER  
**MARTÍN MORAZZO and CHRIS O'HALLORAN**





ISSUE 2 • COVER B  
NIMIT MALAVIA





ISSUE 2 • SECOND PRINTING COVER  
MARTIN MORAZZO and CHRIS O'HALLORAN



ISSUE 3 • COVER B  
MIKE SHEA



MIKE SHEA







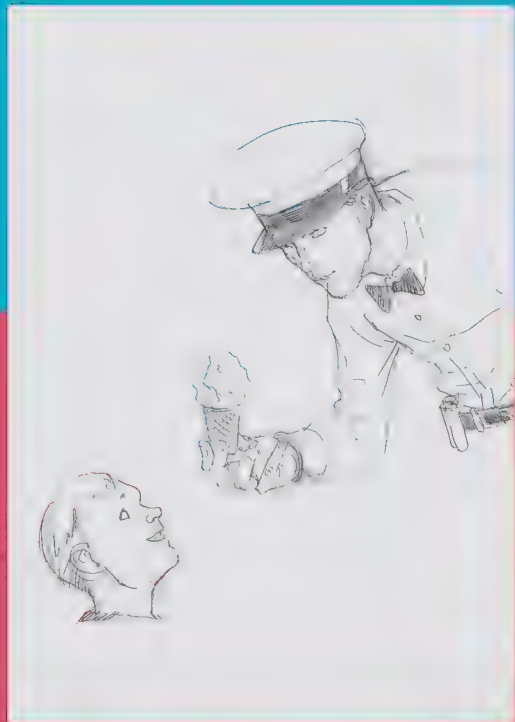
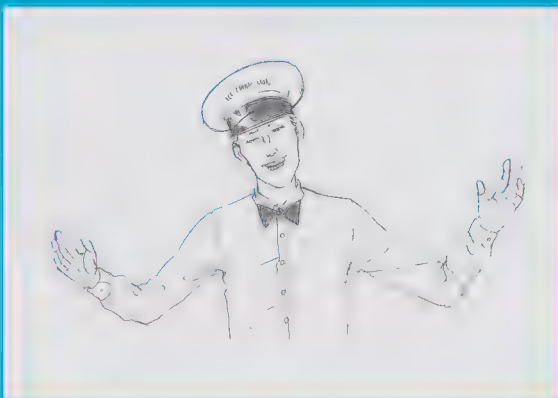
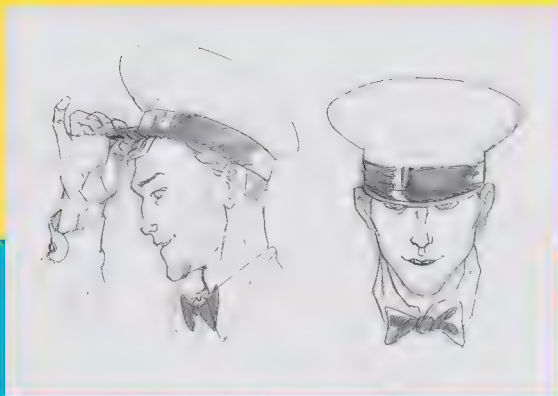
# FACE-FRACTAL



Frazer Irving's variant cover for Issue 1 comes in a number of colorways, each one as good as the next.



# THE SMILING MAN



Martin's early sketches of the Ice Cream Man are an admixture of *solace* and *menace*—the guy looks like someone you can trust, who also might poison you while you're looking the other way.



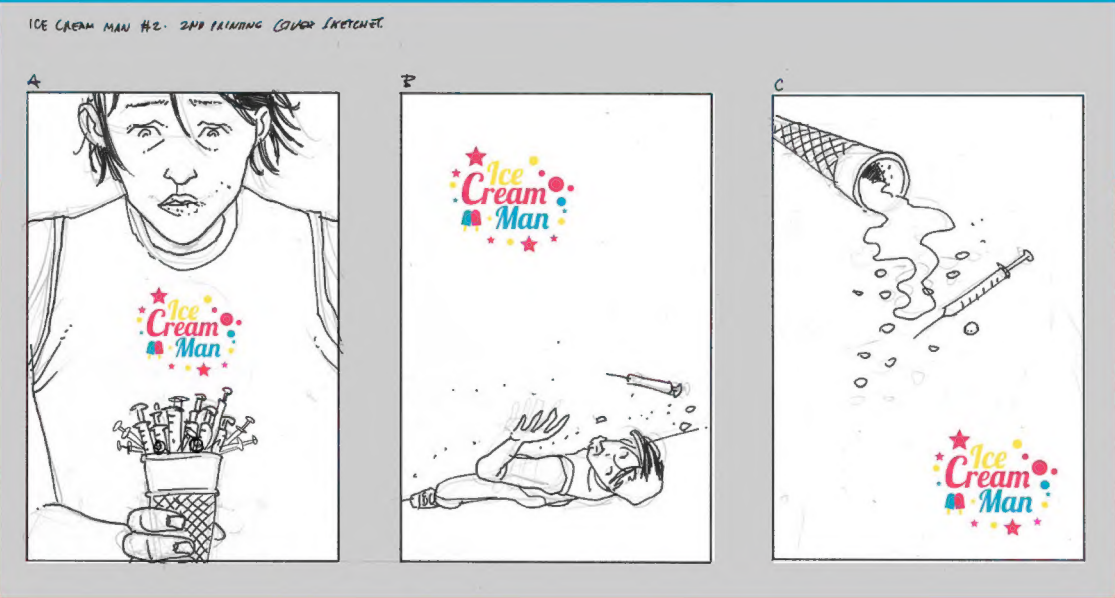
# PICK A FLAVOR



Martín offers a veritable menu of mock-ups for each issue's main cover; it's hard to choose just one.



...ANY FLAVOR



Would that we could make them all.  
Some day...

-WMP  
May 2018



*Chocolate, vanilla, existential horror...*

# *There's a flavor for everyone's misery.*

**ICE CREAM MAN** is a genre-defying series of disparate tales of sorrow, wonder, and redemption. Each installment features its own cast of strange characters, dealing with their own special sundaes of suffering. And on the periphery of them all, like the twinkly music of his colorful truck, is the Ice Cream Man—weaver of stories, purveyor of sweet treats. Friend. Foe. God. Demon. The man who, with the snap of his fingers—lickety split!—can change the course of your life forever.

"Prince's work ups the ante with a precisely-crafted page-turner, sporting crisp line work by Morazzo and the dreamlike colors of O'Halloran."

—*Publishers Weekly*

"This series is an achievement in design and imagination, and it is incredibly good."

—*The Oregonian*

"ICE CREAM MAN is a trippy, twisted, and surreal ride into suburban horror, and it's just damn fun to read."

—*Monkeys Fighting Robots*

"ICE CREAM MAN is an ever-smiling, ghoulishly jolly thing."

—*Doom Rocket*

"Penciler Martín Morazzo has an evocatively brittle approach to line work and a talent for upsetting facial expressions, and colorist Chris O'Halloran infuses everything with block colors that, like the ice cream, seems simple but contains much sinister import."

—*Vulture*

"Prince is fast building an unusual resume in comics, and Morazzo's style recalls the precise line work of greats like Frank Quitely. You'll never look at ice cream trucks the same way after this one."

—*Paste Magazine*



Horror / Fantasy  
Rated M / Mature  
Collects ICE CREAM MAN 1-4

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